FICTION. 1925.

SPRING.

Reserve
4/26

Woolf, Virginia

[Articles, essays, fiction and reviews] Notebook dated May 22, 1925.

p.1-3 Ancestors (cont.) 2 p. dated May 22, 1925.
p.5-21 The introduction. 9 p.
p.23-43 [The haunted house. Together and Apart] The conversation. 11 p.
p.45-65 [The haunted house] The man who loved his kind. 11p
p.67-91 A simple melody. 13 p.
p.93-97 [A haunted house. A summing up] Incomplete. 3 p.
p.99-101 [Reviews] The letters of Thomas Manning to Charles Lamb. 2 p.
p.103-109 [Reviews] The life of Johnson. 4 p.
p.111-129 [The common reader: second series. "Robinson Crusoe." 10 p.
p.131-33 [Reviews] Miniature portraits by Gedeon Tallemant Sieur des Reaux. 2 p.
p.135-151; 175-189. [The captain's death bed. The cinema] The movies. 9 p.; 8 p.
p.191-193 [The common reader: second series. George] Gissing. 2 p.

680240

May 22nd 1925

52 Tavistock Square.

Woolf, Virginia

[Articles, essays, fiction and reviews] Notebook dated May 22, 1925.

p.1-3 Ancestors (cont.) 2 p. dated May 22, 1925.
p.5-21 The introduction. 9 p.
p.23-43 [The haunted house. Together and Apart] The conversation. 11 p.
p.45-65 [The haunted house] The man who loved his kind. 11p
p.67-91 A simple melody. 13 p.
p.93-97 [A haunted house. A summing up] Incomplete. 3 p.
p.99-101 [Reviews] The letters of Thomas Manning to Charles Lamb. 2 p.
p.103-109 [Reviews] The life of Johnson. 4 p.
p.111-129 [The common reader: second series. "Robinson Crusoe." 10 p.
p.131-33 [Reviews] Miniature portraits by Gedeon Tallemant Sieur des Reaux. 2 p.
p.135-151; 175-189. [The captain's death bed. The cinema] The movies. 9 p.; 8 p.
p.191-193 [The common reader: second series. George] Gissing. 2 p.

66B0240

Woolf, V
[Articles etc]
V.2 dated 1925

May 22nd 1925

52 Tavistock Square.

1st draft short
stories 1925
cuticles 1926

1. Avantons. (Cont.)
2. The Introduction.
3. Herman who broke his Kinder Apart & Together.
4. The man who loved his Kind.
5. The Summing up (?)
6. Reflections in Illness.
7. Robinson Crusoe.
8. The Morris
9. Walter Raleigh.

NYPL

May 22nd 1925

Conclusion (Cont)

was the only flower

or is these people only (& the bright pink & the trees & old Mr. Rogers, & her father, in his white linen coat fastening) who understood her, they with them only she felt at at home, She looked & felt her eyes be often & deepen as at the afterwash of tears, standing there in Mrs. Dalloways drawingroom, looking through there not at not at these people, these flowers, this noisy bright chattering crowd, but always, who have something real. Sweet white they were allowed a trick; & then old Betty Gare such & them a glass of milk, & then she went up to the house in the garden with a pork pie & tucked up in bed in the attic which smelt & pine wood reading at homely, that little girl who was to have so far, nursery parker sweet Alice, - then after supper in the cellar which smelt & pine wood reading, pantry, stores, pantry; She had read all Shelley between the ages of twelve & fifteen, & so much of & used to carry it to her father; holding her hands behind her back, while he shaved; & then began to read, all with tears began, down in the back of her head & Gave it to her, as she looked at this picture of herself, lifetime (She had suffered abominably - hope had & added this & suffering ga ill hand over her like a wheel - life was not what it had seemed then - it was like this (pantry) to the child standing there, waiting Shelley; & looking with her dark wild eyes. But what had they not seen later & it was only those people, dead now, laid away in peat Holland, who had ever seen all that She had seen her to be

who had known her, who knew what she had it in her to be —
& ~~also~~ now the tears came closer, as the thought of the
little girl in the cotton frock; how large & dark her eyes were;
how beautiful she looked ~~then~~ ~~saying~~ reciting The
Ode to The West Wind. How proud her father was of her. & how
great a he was, & how great her mother was, & how when
she was with them she was ~~utterly~~ entirely
so pure so good so gifted that she had given her to be a
~~very~~ great anything: that & they had lived, & she
had always been with them in that garden (which
now appeared to her the ~~only~~ place where she had
spent her whole childhood, & was always
starlit, & always summer, & they were always
sitting out under the cedar tree smoking, &
& except that sometimes her mother was seen
dreaming alone, in her widows Cap & among her
flowers — & how good & kind & respectful the old
servants were, Andrews the gardener, Jessy the
Cook; how ~~they~~ & old Sultan, the Newfoundland dog:
& the vine, & the pond, & the lamp — ~~& the~~ people
lived like that ~~nowadays~~ & W Vallana ~~looked~~
looking very pure & powerful & tragical, compared
her life with other peoples lives, & it that life
could have gone on for ever, then W Vallana felt
sure of that — & she looked at Jack Renshaw a fine
Girl whose clothes he admired — could have had
any happiness, & she would have been oh
perfectly happy, perfectly good, instead & while
here she was forced to listen to a young
man raging — & she laughed almost
scornfully & yet tears were in her eyes —
that he cared not ~~wasted~~ a tear to waste
cricket matches!

NYPL

The Introduction

Mrs Lily Everet saw Mr Dalloway bearing down on her from the other side of the room, & could have prayed he not to come & disturb her. & yet as Mr. Dalloway approached with his right hand raised & that peculiar smile which ~~he~~ Lily knew ~~thought meant mean~~ (though this was her first party) meant But give for to come out of your corner & talk, a smile at once benevolent & drastic, ~~like~~ she felt the strangest mixture of excitement & fear & of desire to be left alone & longing to be taken out & thrown in to the swirling depths. But Mr Dalloway was intercepted, caught by an old gentleman with white moustaches — & Lily Everet had two minutes respite thus before & in which to think how to bring it home, as to drawing men hung a rope, what had been Mrs Hilbert's topic her essay upon dean Swift. ~~It had been Professor Hilbert~~ to her ~~boy Professor Hilbert~~ that morning marked with three red stars: First rate. Her essay upon dean Swift was first rate; ~~& the friend that thought~~ she took a sip of her Cordial; & yet it was ever so much weaker here than it had been when she was dressing for the party. Then the party had seemed like a kind of ~~the~~ ~~Then~~ ~~the~~ ~~party~~ ~~had~~ ~~seemed~~ ~~like~~ ~~a~~ ~~kind~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~party~~ ~~of~~ ~~life~~ ~~&~~ fluttering ware that broke over the face of life & left them bare, untouched at the bottom. And as her maid & her self helped her to dress she thought that their hands moved about the surface of her only, & they did not reach the truth which was locked within. The essay upon dean Swift. How it was the & nothing they could do — no kind praise of theirs, or

The thought of

encouragement, & her elder sisters had praised her very generously
when she came down stairs & stood waiting for the taxi,
& touched the last plate, though they might adorn them,
indeed did make their young & all dressed ups into the
loved with the crazy & her heart very wonderful.
And now as the crazy dwindled as the flood, & ~~became~~
it was as if all the perspectives of this strange weird changed
& blend & descend as the stood alone in her corner
what had been important becoming unimportant, this &
a great fear & humiliating & ~~taking possession~~ her
heart, that was ~~almost~~ & later terrible devastating her

~~Their Could the not~~ One divided life into fact & fiction; week & week;
She ~~said to the~~ thought, ~~with the~~ as young driving along,
& seeing into the heart of things, ~~with such~~ seeing
through things, with such intensity that it was as if
her vision Clift the vague Morning ware & at the same time
that for ever she saw the ~~Empty coat & hat~~ Driver's back on the
other side of the glass, & ~~a stick~~ her own white phantom reflected.
in his dark coat. And then, as she came into the house, as
at the very first sight of people moving upstairs & down stairs,
this hard lump of metal began melting & its ~~in~~ her hand at
dissolving, & her ~~consciousness~~ all her being ~~turning into~~ a
no longer sharp, ~~turning~~ as a diamond Clearing the heart of life)
expanded ~~out~~ a mist of apprehension, ~~fear defence~~
alarm, as the Wood by the Cascade alarm
appre hension, defence, as the Wood at bay in her Corner,
~~In~~ this was the famous Idea: the world.
~~so~~ ashamed was she of new; so Chidden & how
humiliated; so bewildered too, & as the tepid, so nevertheless,
to ~~seize~~ adjust the focus & get into right proportion
new, & for ever, the ~~so~~ outlines these diminishing &
~~suddenly~~ increasing figures; ~~these~~ overwhelming them
which seemed to wave at her, & sink down beneath
~~her~~ feet, to towers like ~~wonder~~ waves, & then rise.
While her ears were filled with an extraordinary war-

NYPL

~~which had the astonishing power of making~~ to turn everything to waste, leaving her only the at bay;

Even when she was talking to the old man, but kept moving up & down

always ready,

some 18 years undergraduate,

young people talking

Here Mrs Dalloway, who had never dropped her arm & now raised it slightly, came straight down on her, & said, to the shy charming girl, the girl with the clear eyes, the dark hair which clustered round her head, ~~from~~ beside the other, & the thin body with all its hollows, "~~I am going to~~ introduce you to ~~Herbert~~ Brumley" for he was brilliant; the undergraduate Brumley had just done brilliantly. And she held Lily Everitt's hand, & led her, towards a group, ~~of~~ where there were ~~Lily Everitt hung back a little, might~~ have been the wayward darting boat curtseying in the wake of a steamer, & felt a Mrs Dalloway led her on, that ~~it~~ was going now to happen; that nothing would prevent it, & save her from being flung into a whirlpool where only Esther the would perish & be saved. But what was the whirlpool? Oh it was made up of a million things — Westminster abbey, the sense of enormously high solemn buildings surrounding them; ~~the~~ & being grown up; responsible, being a woman. Perhaps that was the thing, when all the rest was melted down, remained, & the dress accentuated it, & all the little chivalries & respects ~~of~~ the drawing room; all made her feel that her part was stamped upon her & she had come out of the Olympian ~~&~~ was being proclaimed what in the long comfortable darkness of childhood she had never known — this ~~fraud~~ & beautiful creature, this limited & circumscribed creature, this butterfly with a thousand facets to its eyes, & delicate fine plumage, & ~~to~~ difficulties & weaknesses innumerable: a woman.

NYPL

as she walked with Mr. Walkway across the room she accepted the part which was now laid on her; & naturally, warded it a a little, as a soldier proud of a new uniform might wear it, feeling carelessly, as she walked, of her finery & those light shoes, & how if she dropped a handkerchief (the head gathered) a man would stoop precipitately & give it her — & then accentuating her delicacy, the artificiality her dearness unnaturally — for they were not hers at all. Hers was rather to run a hand & climb & ponder on long solitary walks striding through the mud, & through her dream seeing the lovely birds wheel, & startling the rabbits, & respecting in the heart of the woods little ceremonies which had no audience, private rites, & without any care whatever for what human beings thought of them which filled her mind with rapture, wonder, — all this was, until to night, the her the ordinary being, both by which she knew herself; & this other was a flower which had opened in the past ten minutes. a strange flower. And with the opening of the pale flower, there came, too, incontrovertibly, its world, so different from the old world; these towers of Westminster, these high & formal buildings; these triumphs & festivities; this world of men, all standing about her & invitation. she felt walking hanging back, as Mr Walkway led her on; this

must like these her happy dress,

wearing dressed appropriately for beauties sake, by heather & leave —

NYPL

as she walked with Mr. Dalloway across the room she accepted the part which was now laid on her; & naturally, warded it a a little, as a soldier proud of a new uniform might ward it, feeling carelessly, as she walked, of her gloves & her tight shoes, & saw of the dropped a handkerchief (the had gathered) a man waved stoop precipitately & gave it her — & then accentuating her delicacy, the artificiality of her bearing unnaturally — for they were not hers at all. Hers never was rather to run & hang & climb & ponder on long solitary walks striding through the mud, & through her dream seeing the lovely birds wheel, & startling the rabbits, & suspecting in the heart of the woods little ceremonies which had no audience, private rites, & not any care whatever for what human beings thought of them which filled her mind with rapture, wonder, — all this was, until to night, for her the ordinary being, to be by which she knew herself; & this other was a flower which had opened in the past ten minutes. a strange flower. And with the opening of the pale flowers there came, too, incontrovertibly, its world, so different from the old world; these towers & Westminster, these height & formal building: this triumph & tribulation: this world of men, all standing about her & inclosing. she felt walking hanging back, as Mr Dalloway led her on; this

must like trance, her happy dream,

bearing forward apparently for bearers sake, by leaves & leave —

NYPL

a regulated & accepted way of life; imposed no unpleasantness that
was which fell upon her softly indomitably from the skies,
like a matter of fact statement which there was no gainsaying.
The life of either The trees be green again; & the
her It put out her snags; the three red stars had no light left in
them; Civilisation dulled to nothing; but peacefully, perfectly,
as the realised heaven with their theft in all that surrounded
her her own place was — . Not dominant, not
aggressive, not the leader in anything; all she could
be was the that was not her to dominate, or to assert
herself: rather to surround with an atmosphere, to be, for
The refreshment of mankind, this tender & fresh sympathy —
This orderly life; where all was done already: high towers;
Solemn bells; flats built, Every block of them by men
toil, & women's sympathy; & Churches built by men
dead, Parliaments, too; the Cross & telegraph wires,
The thought working out as she to the windows, as she
walked, what had she to offer to this massive
manly world? An essay on the character of Dean
Sweft! And as she approached the slopes, on which
teaching young people, she felt the was like predominated,
with her great honest head, & his look of complete self assurance,
& his delicacy, humour & robust physical well being,
Jeanfrom, & acumen, & he cut in the direct line from
Shakespeare, what could she do but lay her essay
as a cloak for him to trample, he trying as a
rose for him to fresh, at his feet? Slowly, sparkly,
with this supreme renunciation, the demi
mat ance effaced, & casted the whole tragedy
fell straight into order, the

There was

what

achievement

Past Bendy
Trees,

NYPL

Saying this

Making the introduction, Mrs Dalloway felt, as she always felt
remembering her youth, the an absurdly moved woman meeting young
woman through her agency, a three flaming, as at the
Concert Hall after print, the loveliest & most ancient gulf
Series, which she saw in Bob Brimley's half change of expression
that change which foreboded the growth in him of
manliness, Clarissa thought, as he held out her hand to
Lily Everitt, & the tenderness, the fondness, the carefulness
of women talent in all fond young men, the thought
to her that a right to bring tears to the eyes, as if
moved her even more intimately to see in Lily merely
that look - surely the most in the loveliest, &
man falling this for woman, & woman that for man,
there flowing from that contact all those homes, those
births, & those sorrows, & that ultimate staunchness, in the face of catastrophe,
humanity was sweet at the heart, thought Clarissa, in
& her own life blessedly blessed. Defencelessly blessed. To the west.

But thought Lily Everit - But what? is it nothing,
the thought hastily, smothering over that fact an instinct; in the direct descent from Shakespeare, the
Bacon, & Parliaments, & Churches, the thought,
& & the Telegraph were for the thought,
ostentatiously & yet purpose begged Mr. Brimley to
return her impatiently when she offered him
her essay upon the Character of Dean Swift to do
what he liked with - Trample upon & destroy -
for how could she a mere chit understand even for an
instant the character of Dean Swift? - & let them
trample. Bob trampled. The expression in her eyes was
it?

your carelessness & conformity & he shook hands,

the her they work, her startled, look

NYPL

~~She offered her essay~~ for" He said she liked reading. Hey asked her if she wrote. – ~~not essays~~. Verses? poems, prose? ~~something amusing~~.
~~An Essay~~ she said. ~~But off he went at once as his~~
And she would not let this horror ~~jerk, the ground not~~
get possession of her. The thought of Churches & parliaments, –
Even the telegraph wires & about Shakespeare, she thought, – kind
of Bernsley was in ~~the~~ direct descent, ~~as~~ ~~as~~ as he spoke, from
She felt a ~~fierce~~ grasp wrapped round her wrist; those
butterfly wings: something muffling her, something
hampering her, & ~~it~~ it was he was doing it, just by
feeling – ~~what?~~ Oh a horror, a terror, a thing devour-
ing into utter loneliness, & having this wing over
her mouth & ~~her~~ her head on her back; all because of this great man
~~Reveal~~ whom she willingly offered everything, as he talked
Killed a fly. ~~It~~ ~~was~~ ~~it~~ ~~did not~~ It was for the
wings of a fly. That is her ~~was~~ just his finish on the
finder, he raised his head slightly, he talked, ~~he had no~~
about him ~~only~~.
But, she said, he ~~stiff~~, ~~deficient~~ as she smothered
down that idea, why not, since he is the greatest ~~of all~~ object in all
the world's objects? And ~~the~~ to worship. ~~to~~
admire, & to embellish was her task, ~~to~~ to ~~a~~
her wings were for that, & But he talked about
~~herself~~ with ~~flattering~~ passion And there was
~~something else~~, as he talked he killed a fly. He
pulled the wings off its back, with his clever strong hands, ~~but~~
~~it was~~ necessary. ~~the~~ She said, thanking the
Churches, the parliaments & the bishops & flats.
& so ~~had~~ to cower & crouch & fold her wings
~~softly~~ flat over her back: But ~~but~~ – was

Moved heat down –

her

MYPL

the what was it, why was it? in spite of all she could do,
her Essay upon the character of Swift became more & more
important, dominant, obtrusive, & nothing she could do
cd banish the three stars quite bright again; only with a
feverish haste; no longer clear & brilliant, but trembled &
blood stained, as if this great man, Mr Bromley, had
just by pulling the wings off a fly as he talked (about
his exam, about his college, about himself) sent her
out Charged her light brain with cloud, & confused her
for ever & ever, & her wings shrivelled in her back & as
she was deserted by Mr Bromley she went & walked &
thought of the towers of Jerusalem, with horror; & the
joke that had fallen from the skies on her neck
crushed her, & as though she felt like a naked nymph
who having sought shelter in some shady garden is
turned out & told made to understand (ah, but
there was a finer judgment too) that there are no
sanctuaries, no butterflies, & this civilisation,
Church parliaments, flats — this Jerusalem
said Lily, veered to him, as she accepted the
kind compliments & told Mr Bromley enhers
appearance, & depends upon me. Mr Bromley
said Lily that like all the rest, Lily looked "as if
she had the weight of the world on her shoulders"!

NYPL

The Conversation

The conversation began some minutes before anything was said for both ~~looked at~~ Mr Sterle & Miss Stanning looked at the Sky, & ~~in both their minds~~ the Sky ~~was in their minds~~ wear an forming its meaning, differently coloured, in ~~to~~ each others minds, until the ~~Miss Stanning's mind was~~ stimulated ~~to could hold no more, & she said to the~~ commencement. ~~She became aware of~~ but the presence of her Sterle ~~presence~~ & took which she saw the blue by her side became so distinct to Miss Stanning that ~~the~~ the Sky ceased not ~~be~~ the Sky, simply as the sky, any more; ~~no~~ it became ~~my~~ Sky permeated with the dark hair, eyes & grey hair, the clasped hands the stern melancholy, but she had been told, quite falsely melancholy face, of ~~the~~ Roderick Sterne, & knowing how foolish it was, she yet could not keep her ~~Sterne~~ ~~regency~~ "What a beautiful night!" Sterle ~~foolish~~ foolish! But if one can be foolish at ~~the age~~ Monty in the presence of the sky which makes ~~worst you decay~~ imbecile, a — mere worlds of ~~Stars~~ his Sterne: Miss Stanning must seem, atoms, dust motes, ~~an~~ at the Hallaway window, to any a thing ~~Stars~~, how big? ~~and an~~ orient had as big a life as they had, seen by Moonlight, — well, said ~~Miss Stan~~ Kitty Stanning, ~~Stanley~~ patting the cushion after ~~her~~ emphatic calling, ~~her Sterne~~ Sterle sat down ~~down~~ and her Sterle sat down by her side, & ~~she looked~~ she looked to see whether he was, as they said, a falsely melancholy; he did ~~it very much weather~~ in the presence of the Moonlight by the Sky. She said, ~~something~~ almost too

Stanley

NYPL

foolish to repeat. but about having known a Miss Seale when she was a
Girl at Canterbury, was he related?

Where ~~when he told her~~ ~~there~~ her uncle too had looked
at the sky; & the blue romantic light seemed now to lie
upon the tombs of his ancestors, one of whom he said was
buried in the Cathedral, a knight of the Garter.

~~When I was a boy~~ little child, he said, ~~& he told her how the~~
~~Seales were~~ the Seales ~~had marched with the~~ were
from Normandy, & had marched with William the
Conqueror; one was a knight of the Garter. He was
Miss annoying, & felt that she had struck the note of gold
which the true man, from which all the fabric of ~~Sir Roberick~~ the moon
Seale proceeded Marygate, the influence of the moon
~~was~~ manner, & the settled ~~heresy~~ in to desinits,
the true man who was buried in the false, ~~Being no one~~
~~Who wished to take to~~, & saying to herself,
~~in Stanley an~~ ~~Courage, Courage~~ — which was a secret watch word of her,
a little banner which she used to unfurl, a ~~whip~~; a
courage, one of those tokens which ~~Cantenbra~~
middleaged people have & often made to ~~wear to blow~~
~~correct themselves with~~, to flagellate some inveterate vice —
hers being a deplorable timidity, or rather indolence
for she was not lacking in self confidence, only in the ~~ability~~ to
talking to men, she could not take the trouble to
make advances & so often, ~~her talks~~ languished away,
in a phallic of
interrupted friends.

(She could see it through a hole)

NYPL

congratulated herself upon having that sense, (she had no name for it,

(which meant an extraordinary amount to her)

he was led

& led people some by,

but ~~Maud~~ ~~yet~~ she did not want them — nor She had Sarah, as ~~she had~~ Cuthbert: ~~she had~~ a corpse; he had her ~~Bedlington~~ terrier. She had (even as she sat by Mr Seale on the sofa ~~& she~~ she dipped & waved herself in ~~what~~ that deep, unhearthly interesting thing, ~~her own life~~) that, ~~a music~~, for she never had no particular name for the sense she had ~~carried about with her~~ ~~she the same~~ ~~she named to herself~~ ~~home~~ of something collected ~~here~~, ~~wanting~~, ~~suited~~ to her, which so suited her that after an effort of reason told her that ~~she was not~~ ~~the only safe~~, other people had what she had) & ~~so she~~ even as she sat by Mr Seale on the sofa she dipped & waved herself in ~~that~~ that deep, satisfactory perception, feeling that what Mr Seale & she meant, She was ~~could~~ afterwards ~~almost~~ ~~in~~ different to Mr. Seale. She but She ~~would not let herself feel that~~; Cecil would come. She must not sink into torpidity on Stanley on the raid to help. And she asked him, ~~whether he had told them~~ knew

Do you know Canterbury & Granby?"

Did he know Canterbury? Mr. Seale smiled, thinking what ~~how~~ ~~mysterious~~ little nice quiet woman ~~was her~~, who played very instrument, & seemed ~~very~~ intelligent ~~would be if he told her~~ one of ~~those~~ quiet women (~~& she~~ was wearing, he noticed an ~~especially~~ jewel) ~~She told her that her~~ ~~what was~~ ~~would~~ knew what her question meant. ~~Her memory~~ to him. ~~She~~ had to be asked like that ~~in~~ Cornwall, by a woman he had only met once before, whether he knew Canterbury ~~made him~~ when the last train she took. as his memory, they he had never been able to tell anybody, he had tried to write — ~~she~~ had tried to write! & he laughed ~~now~~ all emitted in that most beautiful guttural ~~from him~~ a made him laugh.

That was the Cornishman that was people thought irresistible.

NYPL

(Charge they called unsympathetic ladies. Long. Long Lady

what he had done

His charm

His high & then his laugh, his melancholy & his humour, ~~and~~ ~~was often found irresistible~~ had often ~~served~~ in the ~~Ground~~ Emotions ~~which friendly minds~~ made people like him, & he knew it, & yet, being liked had not made up for the disappointment. ~~of~~ people had for him, ~~failure~~, & the ~~pressed~~ on the liking ~~perpetuality~~ he had never done a tenth part ~~of~~ what he could have done, & had dreamed ~~of doing~~ as a boy in Canterbury. ~~With~~ a stranger, he felt a renewal of hope; ~~since~~ because they could not compare his promise ~~with his achievement~~, & ~~would~~ yielding to his charm, would give him a ~~fair~~ fresh start - at the age of fifty! - He had touched the spring. he should have been a poet. ~~For us him~~ ~~He had also that Emotional Capacity~~. The fields the flowers, the grey buildings ~~of~~ drifted down into his mind formed silver deeps on the ~~fallen~~ dark walls of his mind. With such an image, his poems often began, for his Sensibility was extreme, & the first lines of poems came to him, still, every day. Now sitting here, looking at the grey, poems began to form.

It was with such images that his poems began. And, sitting beside ~~Mrs Stanway~~ her fingers ~~began to make a verse~~, he asked youth. He made images new, setting by this quiet woman.

"Yes, I knew Canterbury" he said, reminiscently, sentimentally inviting, Mrs Stanway felt, discreet questions, "that was what made him interesting to so many people; & was this extraordinary facility & responsiveness to talk on his part that had been his undoing. So he began often, taking his stuck cat, & putting his keys & small change on the dressing table after these parties" (& he went sometimes almost every night in the season) & becoming quite different, grumpy, very unpleasant at breakfast to his wife, who was an invalid, & never went out, but had an old friend to see her sometimes, women friends for the most part, interested in Indian philosophy & different cures for diseases; which ~~he~~ Lord Rodleigh disliked & by some caustic intelligent remark too clever for her to answer — he had failed, he grumbled, before he left, & could not concentrate ~~& affairs~~ but thought, because he could not ~~concentrate~~ cut himself off utterly from writing & the company of women which were so necessary to him, & wife. He had failed ~~to cater to~~ had resolved himself two days his life — & here he was crossing his knees, & not blame himself, so much as put the blame off upon the children & their nature, ~~& unselfishness~~, & how he had given so much to people, ~~he felt that~~ they, he felt now letting his head on his hand, should help him; & this ~~& was~~ was the prelude often, the trembling, fascinating prelude, to talk, ~~to talk~~ talk. & images bubbled up in his mind — the elderly lady said now, looking at Mrs Selby Smith, ~~was~~ like an almond tree, with white hair, that the ~~was~~ like an almond tree, a ~~flowering almond~~ tree —

'She is like a fruit tree - a flowering cherry."

NYPL

It was a nice sort of image, Ruth thought. Rather nice, yet she did not feel sure that she liked this handsome distinguished melancholy man; very odd, she thought how one's liking or unlikings are influenced. And how she did not like him, though she rather liked his comparison of a woman to a cherry tree. She did not know what it was that she disliked. She was under the influence of fibres of her which floated capriciously this way & that like the tentacles of a sea anemone, & her brain (so it seemed) went on receiving messages, which it would sum up, in time: that was how she liked the person of knowing, liking, disliking; & until, when people asked her she would say "I like Roderick Leslie" or "No: I don't like Richard Roderick Leslie."

"It's odd that you should know Canterbury, said Mr Leslie; it's always odd, he went on, when we meet someone else by chance as it were, who touches upon that piece of life which means a great deal to one — touches upon it accidentally, for I suppose Canterbury meant nothing to you, except a few weeks at school there early stayed there one summer with an aunt who was ill? And what did you went for little walks, — saw the Cathedral, & went away & never thought of it again;"

Well; Mr Leslie might run away with that idea if he liked. It was quite untrue. Absolutely untrue; for, as a matter of fact, Canterbury & those three months there were, why should had been full of horror & ecstasy.

NYPL

She have remembered the last occasion, her visit to Miss Charlotte Serle, ~~on which~~ a casual acquaintance, so that she could now repeat a little scrap of what Miss Serle had said:

"Whenever I hear thunder in the night, I think ~~that~~ some one ~~is~~ has been killed ~~dead~~".

And she could see the hard hairy diamond patterned carpet, & the twinkling ruffled brown eyes of the elderly lady, in her drawing room, whom her Aunt had taken her to visit — & how turned about with pleasure & pain her life had been, & how still the law thundered & apple blossom lived against them.

"Yes But, Roderick Serle reflected, ~~their~~ experience had been extremely precocious.

Mr Serle might think what he liked, Miss Aunty felt, & then, suddenly, as if the thought of Miss Serle & the thunder roused her from the plethoric sleep of middle age, she gasped to herself once more, On Stanley on, — would not let go at that — that this man should slide away on the assumption that she had minded nothing, felt nothing, about the town.

'I loved it' she said.

Roderick Serle at once kindled. That was his gift — to respond instantly to emotion.

Loved it, he repeated. 'I believe you.

And her tentacles now sent back the message to her brain that she liked Mr Serle; he was a very nice man.

NYPL

met with a collision, for
Their eyes met, or rather each felt that the persona behind the
eyes, the secluded being, who, half the time sits in old
darkness, while his shallow agile companion does all the
tumbling & beckoning on the surface, suddenly stood erect: Henry
at his closet; & unmasked, confronted the other. Nora
alarming: it was terrific. They grew & elderly So old they were, & burnished into
a glowing smoothness, so that Roderick felt would go
perhaps to a dozen parties in a season & feel
nothing outre, the common, or only sentimental regrets &
most the desire for pretty images, — like that of the
flowering cherry tree — & all the time a vast & superiority
to his company, as sense of untapped resources which
sent him back home dissatisfied with life, with
himself, yawning, empty, capricious. But now, quite
suddenly, like a white bolt in a mist (but this image made
itself without any effort) here had happened; the old
certainty of life; its unchangeable assault; for it was
unbearable, at the same time that it thrust rejoiced
rejuvenated & filled the room & nerves with threads of ice &
fire, it was terrific joyful.

"Canterbury twenty years ago," said Mrs Sturney,
almost as one lays a shade over an intense light, or covers
some bruised peach with a green leaf, for this too was,
too ripe, too much —

Sometimes, she wished she had married. Sometimes
the cool peace of middle life, — the automatic shelter of
safety, or devices for shielding the mind & body from bruises,
seemed to her, compared with the thunder & the
livid apple blossom of Canterbury, rare.

negatived slowly
loomed indeed

NYPL

She could imagine – that dawn not too late, something
different, more like lightening; more intense. She could
imagine some physical sensation, ~~something~~
She could imagine – & there
And, strangely enough, for she had never seen him
before, to her senses, those tentacles, which were thrilled &
trembled, now ~~sent~~ no more menaces, now fluorescent,
as of the 2 Mr Seales ~~were one person~~, knew each other so
perfectly, were in fact so closely united, that they had only to
float side by side ~~on this current of sensation~~ – down this
stream, & Mr Seale felt two, all this; but then, being

NYPL

of all things, nothing is so strange as human intercourse, the thought with it became, and never known this man
of its changes, the intricacies which its extraordinary
creative activity, her dislike being now nothing short of the most
intense & rapturous love - but directly the word 'love'
occurred to her she rejected it thinking again, how
far obscure the mind was, with its very few words for
all these astonishing perceptions; & how far how did one
name this? : that is what she felt now, that withdrawal of
human closeness, this 'feels disapprovals, & the need for
covering up what was so desolating & destructive of
security & with some decent acknowledged accepted
Veil; She said,

Of course, whatever they may do, they can't
Upset Canterbury.

And then again Roderick Hudson became tolerated
Volatile with all those images, pretty little fi figures of
French, which He crossed his knees, the other way
smoking; for to him understood knew too, She played her part;
He understood, what some were how not to press too
far into & And then over both came that paralysing
blankness of failure; when nothing bursts from the mind;
when it wakes aspires like flute; when vacancy
almost hurts; & the eyes peruse upon the same
Unstache with the gashes & the expression - the
Whole thin fair cross for example; Una no emotion no
idea, no impression of any kind to come to
change it; to modify it. to transform it; Just the
very fountains of feeling seem sealed, & of it

this 'melancholy & revolutions of print, v.

NYPL

together with the rigidity of the mind there is a corresponding rigidity of the body. so that neither Mr. Leslie nor Miss Cunning could move, or speak, as they felt as if an enchanter had freed them from a painful incarceration: or from a death by ~~regular~~ contraction when ~~Miss~~ Molly Cantwright's playing said,

~~How lovely the~~

"I saw you at the Meistersinger, but you cut me!"

NYPL

Lovers of their kind.

The Man who Loved his Kind.

Trotting through Green Park that afternoon, Prickett Ellis ran straight into Richard Dalloway, or rather they ~~ran~~ [walked] just as they were passing, the covert side glance which each was casting on the other, ~~the suspicious tentative look~~ under his hat over his shoulder broadened & became full frank into recognition: they had been at Eton school together; they ~~hadn't met for years~~. And what was Ellis doing? Well, he would like to a chat with him. Oh yes, Richard Dalloway loved just round the corner. Pat Ellis didn't mind parties (quite a man he was) & Richard wondered he dropped in this evening? ~~Round the corner~~ the same old house, & one or two people ~~would be there~~! "Good, good," said Richard, ~~taking~~ ~~rubbing~~ his fingers perhaps. "Good – till then" this evening then" said Richard," went his way, "jolly glad". (That was just true) to have met that fuller chap, who had always been rather ~~a~~ an old pal, brilliant, & intellectually quite ~~just~~ ~~a~~ then – in some business? Well, – off he went. Prickett Ellis, however, had a good mind – he had turned & looked at Dalloway disappearing – & he wished he had had wished now he had not met Dalloway, or at least – for he had always liked him, personally, had not been ~~said bad mots~~ ~~he found~~ some [how]. Dalloway was married: [one] son; was not his [wont], ~~that~~ ~~but~~ However ~~when the~~ [he] would have to [dress]. However when it could ~~that~~ it [once] he had promised, he supposed as it came ~~to be~~ later that he must.

But what an appalling entertainment!

not met for [about] 20 years, since they had met.

Impossible to talk here.

one of the most brilliant boys he had ever met –

NYPL

There was Joyneon, but he found Gyroon very fat; there didn't seem to be much juice in him; he had been a pompous, little beggarly other, a pompous, Elderly Dalcalon;
There wasn't a single other soul in the room that Richett Ellis knew. Not one. So as he couldn't go away, without saying a word to Walkerway who seemed altogether taken up with his duties bustling about in white waistcoat, there he had to stand. Sitting in the rest of them that made his gorge rise. Think of having this every night of one's life! He gazed with blood there. The lines of deepened in his comical face, which, naturally rosy, though, for pressing the closest guard over, though there was no for he did sharp wrong (for he did a lot). The food seems, the wrongness, the face; for though he worked like a horse, as he had kept himself healthy by exercise he looked hard & seven, as his moustache were dotted in front. Its bristles; his skated.

Grown up people, respectable human beings doing this kind of thing

NYPL

~~Honord in wearing Dress Clothes, his~~
his meagre but baggy Dress clothes made him the worst of his
his work more tastefully made than more than
usually unkempt, magnificent angular.
He compared this with the & the Fat, chattering,
overdressed, without an idea in their head, these fine
Ladies & Gentlemen made him went on talking &
laughing; & Pickett-Ellis while he watched them &
compared them with the Brunners, who had
been when they were their Case about against the
Distillery & got a hundred pounds Compensation
which was went & then gave it on a clock for
him. That was a decent sort of thing to do.
That was the sort of thing that moved one, & the
he glared more severely than ever at the
people, overdress, big Capital, prosperous;
& compared them & his he felt now with his
feelings at eleven o'clock that morning when old
Brunner, Mr Brunner, in their best clothes, too,
awfully respectable & clean looking old people, had
come in called in to give him that small token, as
did the old man put it, of gratitude & respect for,
the very able way in which you conducted our Case —
Lei. Mr Brunner pulled up, how she wanted him
was all due to him myself. (said Brunner was) & they deeply appreciated
his generosity — it had been a troublesome business, &
the fact very obscure, but & every thing to overhaid
but he had seen a further chance — & of some
one could accept take a fee from a man who
people like that. who the sort of Class that Cass his

& so there
was the
Clock
wh he was
afraid must
have cost 5 hun

NYPL

to How they lived shall in these days was a mystery; & so
as he took the clock on the ~~he had left~~ ~~standing here~~ the
He saw flame back to him with a great force, extremely
how very much touched, & how about worth while taking a
lot of trouble for people like that, or that had been the
idea he had had ~~at the back of his mind~~ when he went to
the Bar. That there was a lot of injustice & he would
do what he could. he didn't attach much being unfortunate:
what made him forge rise was any kind of injustice; often
he had ~~to~~ in these Commercial Cases he had often
seen the injustice of big important firms to trouble
like the Banners

NYPL

& as he took the clock & hurled it on the middle of his mantelpiece,
he had felt ~~felt~~ that he wished nobody to see his face.
~~And the~~ It That was worth what he worked for any amount of work — that was
his reward, & he looked at the people who were
actually before him with his eyes. ~~With~~ Fresh from
that scene in his Chambers & he ~~did~~ saw as it faded — the
Brummers faded, he saw there remained, as if left of that
scene, himself, a perfectly plain, undistinguished
ill-dressed man, with not an air ~~of~~ or a grace
about him; a very ill hand at concealing his feelings,
a man who a man confronting a who would
loathed this ~~dust of~~ thing; ~~for the stand~~, he felt
was that he represented this pitted against the
Evil, the Corruption, the heartlessness of society.
& To His ~~look~~ put on his mechanically examined the pictures.
He read the titles on a ~~his~~ the a few ~~of~~ books. He
Of modern literature he knew not had no time for reading,
for this light reading; & it ~~may~~ be would have liked well
enough to read some of the fine old books again - Broken
Scott - & would ~~wished~~ he ever had time to turn in
to the National Gallery, he Couldn't - no, one Could not,
who Angus he could not when there were
people who wanted help. Nor, for the matter of That,
Could he afford these luxuries. ~~He~~ The people here
would be shocked if they knew what he paid for his
pictures. His only extravagance was his little Gabriel in
the Norfolk trousers. ~~At his~~ He ~~face heart~~ compared
thought how he would be camping out one of these
days in August, cooking his own breakfast, washing up:
yes! He If done of that outdoor life would do
all these people a lot of good

a man who
liked

(& he looked at his
arm chairs & paper knives, & well bred books & pictures)

NYPL

~~He felt more they would be shocked~~.

More fine people would be shocked. Indeed, ~~he became~~ was standing there, putting his spectacles in his pocket, ~~felt himself be~~ he became every moment more shocking. Everything he was very sensible. Everything ~~he felt, he~~ All his feelings, things he had taken for granted normally, now became paradoxes. ~~It~~ Somehow ~~the~~ he was being made to stand & deliver made to justify himself. "I am an ordinary man," he kept saying. And though in ordinary life he ~~took this~~ never gave it a thought now he kept recalling scene after scene, like that when the Bannerets gave him the clock, – he kept remembering himself as this & nice things people had said about his humanity, his generosity, how he had helped them, and he wished he could repeat them aloud. ~~That shock~~ All this ~~Because he~~ caused ~~to nothing~~ ~~We were~~ but all this was extremely unpleasant; for though the sense of his goodness boiled within him, he could ~~not express it~~ say nothing. ~~Nobody~~ He did not know a soul to speak to.

It was unpleasant that the sense of his goodness should boil within him: still more unpleasant that he could say nothing.

At last, Richard Dalloway brought up to him a Miss O'Kafe (a name such name). He introduced them. ~~He~~ He told him to ~~take her~~ get her an ice. While she ate her ice, Peacelt Ellis ~~could not understand~~ went on

NYPL

Miss O'Keefe, ~~past thirty~~, a ~~quiet unfashionable looking~~ girl, had wanted an ice or something to drink. And the reason why she asked Prickett Ellis to give it her so dryly, was that he felt a haughty unjustifiable manner was that as she walked to the restaurant in Who where She stood she looked as if she had been a woman & two children looking at people playing tennis on a square. More than that, the of the poorest class, pressing against the railing of the square, that hot afternoon. Can't they let us, she had thought. I would No, it had come to her as in a thunderclap. Not the whole force in the world can do it; her eyes sparkled all the more, ~~in her determination~~. We are all criminals, ~~a few are without a conscience~~ Criminals, as they were. They had no right to enjoy themselves then. She picked up the tennis ball, & hurled it back. She was full of a kind of fury. That was why she said so commandingly to the unknown man,

Take me to have an ice,

whereupon all equally criminals, ~~in her eyes~~; but it did not mend matters to look lugubrious. So as this Miss Prickett Ellis did.

Long before she had done so, Prickett Ellis told her that when was the first party he had been to for fifteen years: he was not used to this sort of thing; he disliked it intensely ~~the noise~~, he said, a ~~that~~ - it would have bored him greatly if she would have said straight out; I have loved her about the Pavement & the clock, but the ~~not being there~~ said;

The head-end manly man was very? loved such a change of environment overcoming her.

Vide M

I am a plain man, who loves ~~his~~ his kind

NYPL

Have you seen the Tempest? Then, (for he had not seen the Tempest) had he read Wm book, Again no. Didn't he then question she said too feeling 'pulling her ca down, but didn't he like poetry? madly

Though I was a silly question,

And Pickett Ellis feeling that a this young woman had fallen into his hands for manners, made her sit down there, where we they would not be interrupted, on two chairs, in the empty garden for everyone was upstairs, as the only you could hear a buzz & a hum, a clatter & a jingle, like the mad accompaniment a some phantom orchestra to a cat on two flunking across the grass, & the wavering of the leaves, & the Chinese lanterns hung wobbling there very & that — it seemed like a peopled fantic mass adorning very real, & fraiful, & suffering; &

Set to romething Something,

"How beautiful!" said Miss O'Kelfe.

NYPL

Oh it was beautiful, this little patch of grass, with the towers
of Westminster rising massed round it, after the drawing
room; it was ~~a great~~ silent after that noise. Beauty
after all, the tired woman had ~~had~~ - ~~there was pity to~~
But ~~Ernest~~ Prickett Ellis ~~possessed~~ a hope. That would
~~please~~ her. He ~~made himself~~ ~~thought~~, for none of his
things were ~~to be~~ taught ~~Came~~ ~~after~~ spontaneously
he would lie on board his boat ~~working~~ ~~a good~~
~~deal~~ independent fellow. For always to night he felt
~~there~~ wishing that some one could see him as he really was.
So he said to Miss O'Keefe, sticking ~~a~~ matches in the hole of
his boot, that he could see nothing ~~that was~~ beautiful
in this ~~wretched~~ London garden

~~Nobody~~ said Miss O'Keefe, you don't care about it
(he had ~~not~~ ~~seen~~ his hair ~~brushed~~ since he had been to the Tempest; he looked
ill-kempt, angular, ill-dressed) ~~said~~ ~~in this dejected~~ ~~manner~~
~~would~~ She wished to believe that when there is beauty -
how did it go? - there is beauty

~~If~~ Nobody need pay a penny for this: Madonnas were
free; the National Gallery; the Country. ~~Everybody~~ Everyone
~~who~~ knew the objections: ~~that~~ everybody knew them: ~~wages~~ wages.
~~wages~~ babies; but the worst ~~of~~ things, what they were afraid of
~~saying~~ about, was that perfect happiness was to be had
~~for nothing~~ out here, for nothing

Then Prickett Ellis let her have it. He
told her, pressing her hand to bleed, what his days work had
been. Miserably ~~The only thing~~ he was pleased of; - he
was ~~so~~ - ordinary ~~working~~ men ~~came to him~~
asked his advice. ~~At eight that morning~~ She had had a
~~been up~~ at six that morning: down in
Upper N: Henry Street: today his way through some of the
most filthy parts of London: in court:

There was beauty
they had that, tho'
very poor.

out here.

silver
watch chain)

NYPL

~~He told her that~~ Here he hesitated, wishing to tell
say something of his own doings, ~~Not daring himself to speak~~
~~of that, he~~ Nevertheless that he was all the more
Caustic ~~arrogant~~. Caustic: He said it made him sick to
hear well fed, well dressed women (here the ~~girl~~ twitched her
lips, for she was then, ~~& not up to the standard of dress~~ dressed)
talk of beauty.

Beauty! he said. He was afraid he did
not understand beauty apart from human beings.

So they stared into the empty garden where the
light were swaying. & are not yesterday, in the
middle, it have lifted. —beauty— apart from human beings.

What did he mean by that? she demanded suddenly.
And simply he told her the story of the Brunners & the
Clock; to him, that was beautiful. (not altogether Concealing his pride in his powers of

She had no words to specify his conceit, his
arrogance. The horror his story roused in her; to
~~Condemned as stung with this~~ for he turned to her; to
~~do nothing but justify himself, that touch of homely~~
blaspheme. ~~Only the~~ But to talk of loving human nature:
First his conceit; then the something more obscure;
his the indecency of talking about human feelings: &
~~She was & he merely moved by it;~~ & then,
~~She felt as if the~~ while the tears came into her eyes
as they had come into her, she felt the
helplessness of the state; how & then we were
all condemned for ever to this odious & terrible
relationship. to ~~gratifying the feelings~~ attesting
scenes between Brunner & Ellesi. That was

NYPL

from this perpetual vagueness. Will give them food & clothes.

the apathetic part of the race, because a man like this was afraid & lazy, Compromising, & afraid. Hence, perhaps revolutions, ~~was~~ from Laziness & fear & compromise.

And what hurt her was that she got nothing but pleasure & satisfaction from his presence, whereas the mere thought of a child at the ~~f~~ Square railing still failed to make her unhappy. ~~all the Evening~~ ~~hurt her~~ She could find no But Prickett Ellis was equally disturbed. They had nothing more to say to each other.

Prickett Ellis was not in the least related by what he had said ~~Instead of putting~~ out the thorn of It had pierced the thorn in instead of pulling it out. ~~Somehow he felt that~~ ~~there was~~ His pleasure in that morning had been spoilt.

Beauty! he said, knocking the ashes out of his pipe (what was only half implied)

I am no one of those very odd sorts of people, he said, getting up, "who loves any kind.

Upon which Miss O'Keefe almost shouted,

So do I;

& hating each other, & hating the whole of that horrible of people who had given this evening, this painful, this disillusioning ~~them two lovers of them~~ kind pastime

Prickett-Ellis & Miss O'Keefe went.

NYPL

A Simple Melody.

As for the picture itself it was one of those landscapes which the unlearned think ought to have been painted in when Queen Victoria was very young, & it was the fashion for young ladies to wear straw hats shaped like coal scuttles. Time had smoothed away all the joins & irregularities of the paint & the canvas seemed spread with a fine layer, here of the palest blue, here the brownest shadow, of the smooth lacquer-like paint glaze. It was a picture of a heath, & a very beautiful picture. Mr Carslake, at last, thought it very beautiful indeed, as he stood in the corner where he could see it, & it had the power to comfort & tranquillise his mind. It seemed to him to make the rest of his emotions — & how scattered & jumbled they were at a party like this! — intelligible. It was as if an old fiddler were playing a perfectly quiet old English song while people gambled & tumbled & swore, picked pockets, rescued the drowning, & did arithmetic — but quite unnecessary — feats of skill. He was unable to perform himself. Could do was to repeat say that Wembley was very strong; & that he believed it was not being a success; & things like that. Miss Mereweather did not listen; after all, why should she? She played her part; which was to she did one or two rather clumsy somersaults; skipping that is to say from Wembley to the character of Queen Mary, which she thought sublime. Of course, the really thought nothing of the sort really; but Mr Carslake keep assured himself of this by looking at the picture of the

into proportion

NYPL

heath. All human beings were very simple underneath, he felt. But Queen Mary, Mrs Merewether & Hamley on that heath; ~~let them be rather late~~ it was late in the evening; the sun after sunset; & they had to find their way back to Norwich. How they would all be talking quite naturally. He made not a doubt of it.

~~Then there was their nature.~~

As for nature herself, ~~as~~ he ~~had~~ ~~a superstition~~ few people loved her better than he did. She had been walking with Queen Mary, Mrs Merewether he would have been ~~thinking all~~ often silent; & they too, he was sure; calmly floating off; ~~lost~~ & he looked at the picture again; into that happy ~~spirit~~ world, that pattern & far more severe & exalted world, which, was also so much simpler than this.

Just as he was thinking this, he saw Mabel Waring ~~going~~ away, in her pretty yellow dress. She always dressed in a way that pleased him. She looked ~~so~~ agitated, with ~~that~~ a ~~forced~~ strained expression which ~~changed her from a~~ ~~this~~ vexed unhappy ~~eye~~ which for all she tried to look animated.

What was the cause of her unhappiness?

~~It was~~ ~~entirely that the could not lose her~~

He looked again at the picture. It was The sun had set, but every colour was still bright, & that ~~foreground~~ ~~ately~~ it was not long yet, only just June behind the brown mound of the heath. So that The light was very becoming: & he supposed that Mabel Waring was with him & the Queen — Mrs Merewether, walking back to Norwich.

~~It~~ ~~like the Hours would~~ ~~a~~ ~~one~~ ~~day~~ ~~after~~ ~~Jane had~~

NYPL

They would be talking about the way; how far it was; or whether this was
the sort of Country they liked; also, if they were hungry; & what
they would have for dinner. That was natural talk. Stuart
Ellen himself— Mr. Conlake saw him standing alone twice
letting a paper knife upon his hands & looking at it in a
very strange way— & Stuart himself, if he were with them,
would say

NYPL

would were on the heath, would just despoil, just toss it away;
For under heath, ~~in that fine manner,~~ though people
seeing him casually, would never believe it, Stuart was
the gentlest, unselfish, ~~most natural~~ of creatures, content to
ramble all day with quite undistinguished people like
himself, & this oddity – it looked like affectation to stand
in the middle of a drawing room holding a tortoise shell
paper knife in his hand; ~~but it was not.~~ was only manner
when they once got out on the Heath – That I started to
walk to Norwich this way what they proved to me:
What would happen would be this:
I find rubber soles make ~~the greatest~~ all the difference. But
~~would they not~~ don't they draw the feet? Yes – no.
~~They don't do~~ like the grass yes. ? Not on the pavement
And then walk a few yards: ~~these old~~ women.
Clothes, ~~a long loose dress~~ Why, very likely they would
talk about their own habits for a whole hour; or all in
the finest expert way, so that either be a Natural Warning, or
Stuart, on that angry looking ~~horse~~ with the tooth brush
moustache who seemed to know nobody – wanted to
explain Einstein, or his ~~something very~~ say something
~~about~~ very confidential, it would come quite natural,
sitting down to rest, or stopping to look at a map,
in ~~that~~ clear bright bright. Or, very likely, someone
would start a song, or merely walking.
It was a very beautiful picture. Like all
landscapes at ~~present~~ the time
That heath ~~a~~ would so long outlast all people; ~~all~~ the
~~Same time this~~ sadness was so elevated – fumes away
from Mrs Mercwether. George Carslake gazed at
the picture – so arose so plainly from
the Knight that it was calm, it was beautiful,
it was ~~legit to speak with that~~ that showed
That I cannot
endure –

make a statement –
something pitiful
private perhaps –
(he had known it
before)

with a stick & a
view

NYPL

quite explain it. he thought. He did not like churches at all; indeed, if he said what he felt about the heathenry of them all preaching & yet that this was right & there was nothing said about it - he would be ashamed to [illegible]; he would despise what silly sentimental twaddle in a moment. For such it would be, spoken: but not, he was sure, thought. Therefore, why he & his wife had been sent in the direction of Blackrock, & his No, he would not surrender his belief, which was that to walk in company - never mind what - over a heathy in the evening was the most satisfactory way of passing one's time.

laugh

very

She did come across Stamps & green people & cows. now a little deserted farm; now a man & a cart; sometimes - but this was perhaps a little too romantic - a man on a horse. Anyhow there would be shepherd very likely: a windmill: or if these failed, cypress trees & against the sky. A Cart track or cart track which had their power. Again he trembled on the verge of - to reconcile difference - to make me believe in God - He almost clung him that last! to believe in God indeed! When [illegible] rational power prostrated, against the crazy & craven idiocy of such a raving. It seemed to him as if he had been trapped not the words. It to believe in God." What he believed in (he was not sure) to be done out of some belief) was then a little simple talk; of the health - what were there To some purpose in heat?

NYPL

What he believed in was a little simple talk with people like Mabel Waring, Stuart Elton, the Queen of England for the matter of that – on a heath. He believed in most of your look people, – oh any of these people, he thought, looking round him, & set them down like that, on a heath, they would ~~seem~~ appear if really they were not now find something to eat. He believed in people walking on a heath — in any people. Kings, Queens, Mabel Warings, Stuart Eltons. What he had always found great comfort in that. in their good sense; in their having much in common, in their having much in common — boots, hunger, fatigue. But then Stuart Elton would say, he called figures Stuart Elton; for example either stopping, or ~~sat~~ talking silent. If you asked him what are you thinking about? perhaps he would say nothing at all, or make something not true. # Perhaps he would not be able to speak the truth; which might well be

Mr. Carslake took again looked at the picture. He was troubled by the sense that something remote. Indeed people did think about things, did paint things. Indeed, these painters on the heath do not annihilate differences, he thought; but he maintained, he did believe this — that they make these differences remain (can there, under that line of heath in the distance, be a house to mark the view) are the finer more central, & never a house to mark the view) ~~a important~~ differences like this, what the man thought who painted the picture, what Stuart Elton thought about — about what? It was probably a help a little of some kind

anyhow, as they went; for the great point of

NYPL

walking is that nobody can stand still very long; they have to rouse themselves up, & keep on a long walk fatigue, & the desire to end the fatigue, make give the most philosophic, or those even distracted by love ~~its~~ torments, an overpowering reason for letting their minds upon the ~~going~~ getting home.

Every pleasure he used, alas, came ~~tinkling~~ tinkled in his ears with a sham religious flavour. "getting home" — the religious had appropriated that. It meant going to Heaven. ~~Always his~~ His thoughts could not feed any pure new words which had never been nibbled & cleaned & had the Marsh Taken out of them by others' use.

Only when he was walking, with Mabel Waring Stuart Elkin the Queen-England & that peri bolt-eyed hostess unconformising men there, this old melodious ~~wingsong~~ Voppod. Perhaps one was a little brutalised by the open air. Most brutalised; a blister on the heel.

NYPL

When he was walking there was a hardness & a freshness about
~~Everything which made it~~ things: no confusion: no wobbling;
the division at last between the known & the unknown was as
decisive as the rim of a bowl – here was dry land, here
water. Now a curious thought struck him –
that these waters possessed a ~~mysterious~~ attraction for the
~~two~~ people on earth. When Stuart Elton took his hopeless wife
& Mabel Waring, looked about to burst into tears,
& their ~~both heads~~ & man with his tooth brush moustache
glared, it was because they all wished to take to the water.
But what was the water? A understanding perhaps.
Then must be some one who was so meia curiously
endowed, or ~~some~~ that so filled with all the ~~three~~
parts of human nature, that these silences &
unfathomeness, which was probably the result of being unable to
fit one's mind to other peoples were all rightly understood,
& were satisfied
Stuart Elton dived in: Mabel dived. Some went under;
others came gasping to the top; ~~beatrice~~ She was
relieved to find herself thinking of water as a plunge into a
deep pond; for she was alarmed at the ~~ocean~~ her mind
instinctively unguarded, to rise into clouds. Heaven. To
& regain the old comfortable figure, the old flowing garments –
mild eyes & cloud like mantle.

~~In the pond were clouds & fish & mud.~~ ~~The clouds~~
~~Beatrice Mabel trembled, & blisters on the head.~~

In the pond, on the other hand, were weeds & fish, mud.
The present about the pond was that one had to create
it for oneself; new, & brand new.
want to be rapt off to Heaven, no longer did one
meet the dead. She wanted something here & now.

NYPL

understanding meant an increase of life, a power to say what
one could not say; to make such vain attempts as Mabel Waring's —
he knew her way of ~~saying~~ doing something suddenly quite
out of her character, rather startling, dashing, ~~& wanted~~ succeed.
~~to~~ instead of failing & plunging her deeper into gloom.

To the old fiddler played his tune, & George Carslake
looked, ~~&~~ from the picture at the people, & back again.
Beauty, ~~& power remained~~, the mind toward, rather
separately built lovely upon ~~the~~ a philosophic calm which
gave him, even among all these people, a ~~&~~ look of
detachment, of calm, of restfulness, which was not sluggish,
but silent. He had sat down, & Mrs Morse neither
who might easily have drifted off sat beside him People
said that he was made very brilliant after dinner speeches.
They said he had never married because his mother needed him:
No one ~~ever~~ thought that he had ghosts, however, or an
heroic character — there was nothing tragic about him: He was
a bank a barrister. Historian, writer, critic over & above his
able mind, he had none in particular — except that he
walked.

NYPL

People ~~loved~~ liked him, liked him, sneered at him slightly, for he had ~~done~~ nothing that you could lay your hands on, & he had a ~~kind~~ brother, ~~&~~ who was like an elder brother.

But Mr Carlake did not bother his head. People were very simple-minded, women much alike; he was a great hater to quarrel with anyone; & indeed he never did. That is not to say that his feelings were not sometimes hurt; & unexpectedly. His living near Glowcester he had an absurd touchiness about the Cathedral; when ~~without~~ he fought its battles, he resented its criticism as if he had been a bit the Cathedral were his blood relation. His But he would let anyone say what they liked about his own brother. Also any body might laugh at him for walking. His was a native mood all over; save for one or two sudden sharp spikes.

The old fiddler fiddled his simple melody to this effect:
His We are not here, but on the heath, walking back to Norwich. Sharp, as self assertive His Mere weather had made that said that the Queen was a sublime had joined the party on condition that she talked no silly nonsense that she did not believe. The two,

The school of Crome?" she said, looking at the picture.

Very well. This being settled, they went on; it might be nearly eight or seven miles; It often happened to George Carlake: there was nothing strange about it— His sense of being in two places at once, with one body here in a London drawing room, but so revered, that the peace & ~~the~~ country, its uncompromising hardness & quiet, ~~so came flooding in over~~ affected that body. He stretched his leg. He felt the breeze on his cheek. Above all he felt, here we

but not with; & suddenly with strikes jotted down about the Cathedral, or some flaming invention

NYPL

we are all of us, very different superficially, but now united;
we may stray; we may seek the world; but it is perpetually true
that we are all cool, friendly, physically easy

Rip off those clothes my dear, he thought looking at
Mabel Waring. Make a bundle of them. Then he thought,
Don't worry, my dear Stuart, about your soul, with
Eyebrows unlikeness to anyone else. The staring man
seemed to him positively amazing. & so Stalwart

It was impossible to put this into words.
The early day & was unnecessary. Perfect
Beneath the fidgety flicker of these little creatures was
always a deep undefined reservoir: & the simple melody
without expressing it did a lot more than
did something queer to it - ruffled it, liquefied it, made it
start a turn & quiver in the depths of one's being, so
that all the time little ideas were rising from this
pool & soon bubbling up into one's brain. Then
too, the Feels - Ideas that were half feelings -
that Kind of Emotional quality. They had
the thoughts which were half emotions. It was
impossible to analyse them - sometimes they
let one whether they were on the whole happy or unhappy,
Gay or sad.

His desire was to be sure that all
people were the same. He felt that if he could
prove it, he would have solved a great problem.
He felt that But were it true? He
kept looking at the picture. Was he not
trying to impose on human life who are

NYPL

by their very nature opposed, different, at war,
a chasm which is perhaps unconquerable - a complicity which
does not belong to their natures? Art, has it: a picture
has it: but men do not feel it. These states of mind
when one is walking in company on a heath, produce a
sense of similarity: on the other hand, social
converse, when everyone wants to throw, to enforce his
own point of view, produces dissimilarity: & which is
the more profound?

What He tried to analyse their favourite theme then -
walking, different people walking to Norwich.
His strongest sense of the earth, of the sky, of the view.
The The Emotion walker's thought & emotion were [illegible]
largely made up of these outside influences. Walking
thoughts were halfstrings: they If we could submit them to
Chemical analysis you would find that they
had some grain of colour in them, some gallons or
quarts or pints of air attached to them. This stuff
made them airier, more impersonal. But in their
warm thoughts were jostled together like pebbles [illegible]
net, struggling, shaping each other scales of
becoming, in the effort to escape, - for all
thinking was an effort to make thought escape from
the thinker's mind but all obstacles are completely im-
possible: all society is an attempt to resist
Thought influence & coerce one each thought as it
appears for it to yield to another.
So he could see everyone now engaged.

NYPL

But it was not, strictly, thought; it was being, one self, that was here in contact with other beings & selves. How ~~of these~~ there was no impersonal colouring mixture; here walks, lights, the horses outside, all reinforced ~~this peregrinator~~ humanity, bringing themselves the expression of human feeling. People ~~they~~ fanned when each other: rubbed each other's bloom off; or, ~~to flush~~ ~~frame~~ ~~it~~ produced told both ways, ~~colours~~ stimulated & coloured, but each other called out an ~~animation which~~ an astonishing animation; ~~to rubbed~~ made each other glow. Whether pleasure or pain predominated, he could not say. On the heath, there could be no doubt about it. As they walked — Morewether, the Queen, Ellen, Mabel Waring — jimply — the fiddler played; ~~his sweetest~~ the air ~~it~~ far from rubbing each other's walk off, they ~~for~~ ~~did~~ they ~~literally~~ swam side by side, in the greatest comfort.

It was a beautiful picture, a very beautiful picture.

He felt a ~~gentle~~ stronger & stronger wish to be alone, on the Norfolk heath, when ~~he~~ indeed

He then loved Mrs Morewether ~~a~~ ~~very~~ strong about her small nephew at Wembley; ~~a~~ ~~loved~~ it the ~~felt~~, as his friends always felt, that though he was one of the nicest-hearted ~~there~~ had ever met, ~~there was no saying what~~ he George Conliffe what ~~he was after~~ was a dark horse, a fallen fish. There was no saying what he was after. He had ~~his~~ any affectation, she wondered ~~2~~ ~~He has~~ the ~~rings~~. He ~~marked~~ remembering his brother- And then he made it, ~~it~~ was at the end — must back to Dilberry tomorrow.

NYPL

~~These people~~

There they sat therefore, beholding the same tree & the same barrel-organ, & having looked over the wall, & got a glimpse of London going its way unconcerned, Sasha Lathom could no longer feel that enthusiasm which she had been feeling: Yes: when Bertram turned the ~~Yes~~ fountain of his conversation upon the Somebodys — for the life of her she could not remember whether they were called Wallace or Freeman — She suffered saw their words pass in the ordeal way from the romance to ~~disclosure~~ disillusion.

Through a thin haze of gold into the prosaic daylight She looked at the ~~well built~~ dry thick Queen Anne House: She did her utmost to remember what she had learnt at school about the ~~&~~ Isle of Thorney & men in coracles & wild duck & mists: but it seemed to her a logical affair of drains & carpenters, & this pearly — like ~~these pearls, got together, heaven knows why.~~

merely people in evening dress.

Then, she asked humbly, which was the true one?

~~And~~ ~~She did not say a word aloud.~~

She asked this of somebody — for it was part of her humility to have composed an answerer who was not herself, but that wiser authoritative impersonal ~~was~~ wise Creation who the wisdom of other people.

What is the truth, she asked. (the answer often ~~Came in the most~~ almost by accident — the had known & her old friend, by wagging her tail, ~~being~~ give an answer).

And now that free

gratitude adoration

merely people

impersonal Creation who embodied

NYPL

~~These people~~

There they sat therefore, beholding the same tree & the same barrel: only, having looked over the wall, a little glimpse of London going its way unconcerned, Sara Latham could no longer feel that enthusiasm which she had been feeling: No: when Bertram turned the ~~the~~ fountain of his conversation upon the somebodys — for the life of her she could not remember whether they were called Wallace or Freeman — she suffered saw their words pass in the oddest way from the romance to disclosure ~~disclosion~~. Through a thin haze of gold into the prosaic daylight. She looked at the ~~well built~~ dry thick Queen Anne house: She did her utmost to remember what she had learnt about the ~~&~~ Isle of Thorney & men in corsets & wild duck & mists: but it seemed to her a logical affair of Francis Carpenter, & this pearly — like ~~other parties, got together, heaven knows why.~~

merely people, in evening dress.

Then, she asked humbly, which view was the true one?

~~And~~ ~~She did not say a word aloud.~~

She asked this of somebody — for it was part of her humility to have composed an answerer who was not herself, but that wiser authoritative impersonal ~~woman~~ wise creation who the wisdom of other people.

What is the truth, she asked. (the answer often ~~Came in the most~~ almost by accident — she had known a few old friends, by wagging their tail, ~~to~~ give an answer).

And now that the

gratitude adoration

merely people

impersonal creation who embodied

NYPL

~~Back in the red morning mist~~

Now the tree, denuded of its gilt & majesty, seemed to suffer
her with an answer barren, empty, unsatisfying: & had
welcome a full tree – the only one in a march,
she had often seen it, seen the red-flushed clouds between its
branches, & the moon ~~the~~ split up, dashing, ~~in vivid~~ one galaxy
in flashes, ~~over~~ it silver. ~~That was~~ Barren,
~~Confusing the~~ Bad ~~But the answer?~~ ~~It seemed to say~~
But what answer? Well; that the soul (for she was
conscious of a ~~kind~~ ~~which~~ movement in her as some
creature & wingéd in full ~~flight~~ ~~trying~~ ~~to~~ ~~flying~~ ~~flying~~ ~~flying

NYPL

It now appeared that during the conversation to which Sasha had scarcely listened, Mortram had come to the conclusion that he liked Mr Wallace, but disliked his wife – whom he who was a "very clever, no doubt."

NYPL

The Letters of Thomas Manning to
Charles Lamb. Edited by G. A. Anderson Lecter. 8/6 n.

~~It was the essence of Lamb's genius~~
~~Lamb's friends were~~ to create his friends was as much a
part of Lamb's genius as to create his essays. He made
them up, me feels; ~~Concocted them, from out of the~~
~~Concocted them~~ ~~Conceived them in the frame~~ Concocted them;
~~made them as~~ ~~let them only~~ ~~allowed~~ ~~kindly~~ ~~let~~ ~~their~~ idiosyncrasies
~~& reflected them to be~~ his inspired them, & with the
humorous ~~singularities~~ that were most to his taste. ~~Completed~~
~~Men~~ endowed them to live, for ever, after the fashion he had
devised. That Manning was a real human being, actual life
apart from Lamb's version of Manning, that Dyer was in truth
as Lamb depicted him, he always ~~turned to us~~ remained
impossible; ~~& that but Carlyle with Lamb's version we were~~
~~willing to rest no further.~~ Now, we a matter of the importance.
Dyer & Manning take ~~high~~ rank among the creations of
Lamb's genius. The truth-value of Manning's letters now
derives us from their projection & forces upon us the indubitable
proof that the Manning was a real man ~~who~~ ~~born~~ in
1772; who had a ~~bad~~ taken of his in which he appears
a clean-shaven, intelligent, ~~ordinary~~ looking man in no way out of the ordinary
~~That the was~~ ~~extraordinary~~ extraordinary enough, that his history was
one of those amiable eccentric Englishmen who
Canaan, when they are boys, some dare-devil impossible
project — to enter Ghana in disguise — for example,
& proceed, when undoubtedly to implement practical
when grown up, make every obstacle to overcome & we

~~Concocted them~~

separating persons
Thus the pages
of literature.

The Dyer we
know

NYPL

reached

Scarcely founded
upon them but
nobody interested with
anger | the Chan
tages

383

orthodox visible benefit to gain. Manning learnt Chinese, &
loved [illegible] to d'Harpa. He lived abroad for 12
years & then came home, with a fine collection of Chinese [illegible]
books & a to live a retired life in the country,
in an in a Cottage surrounded chiefly with Chinese books, & a
Chair or two [illegible] his Nutty whole heard grow long, &
Carpenny apparently [illegible] to some disappointment.
Let anyone be never The letters to Lamb are
chiefly in the early years. From Cambridge & from abroad; &
reveal a jolly outspoken eccentric. Englishman (— that
Mr. Howe. And [illegible] spread to contrate seems a [illegible]
who can write a good letter
whatever ay the arts & graces of his friend can
Keep his end of the correspondence alive; & Can do what
how many you could do — write a letter
from Rome which is idiomatic & idiosyncratic,
familiar, friendly, & awkward. colloquial.
letters were among the very few Lamb cared to keep; &
the One can see why Lamb liked to keep them.
What is more, one can see what stuff rare stuff it was
from which Lamb drew the immortal Manning
whom we know.

the original
was from who

NYPL

The Life of Johnson. Stephen
" Glover.

If there were an age of faith Dr. Johnson would Dr. Johnson would certainly be saint samuel, & we should find that would be full of holy places where he preached his sermons or performed his miracle. reading & the holy books of the disciples James, Hester, & John. Hawkins. would be searched searched by the devout. the holy scriptures of a sect. In our secular time, religious creed. without the halo, unable to provide a halo, we Our age, unable to provide halos, instead of providing haloes, makes its saints by A man may fairly said be said to be a saint in our age when more if after a hundred years, after he dead are produced his sayings work applied some saying of his about him in their favours. Then, indeed, he has taken his way into the fabric of life, & performs all the functions of the god- teacher, is teacher, & guide, & companion, & looms above us as type, mending & controlling, human destinies; teaching, inspiring, albeit he wears a wig & a snuff-coloured coat, rolls as he walks, & has a gluttonous appetite for dinner. the faculty for worship There can be no doubt- these two new editions, this abstract & Mr. Jamesons biography prove it- that Dr. Johnson has proved himself of the stuff that saints are & miracle workers are made of, & were we to hazard a guess at the reason it would be that he is one of the very few people who love their kind.

Even age has lost the secret of making haloes,

NYPL

This, we might say, is ~~Why the quality which should be so common is~~
to say, what it is, that this is a rare quality is can be seen
by counting those who possess it: one might begin with
Christ Socrates. and Shakespeare; Montaigne; perhaps
Sr Thomas Browne. Then, if we confine our search to the
British Isles whom do we find? Perhaps ~~a terrible candidate;~~ in all his defects
~~but is marred by obvious~~ With all his defects: Milton Wycherley Congreve
are all hopelessly out of the running: the manner of Walpole Statesman & Soldier
~~Macaulay~~ do not leap to the mind: Perhaps for all his
defects is a terrible candidate; Lamb stands as good a chance as
any: but it is Dr. Johnson who fulfils best all the conditions
implicit in the above list — the coarse, moody, rough tempered
man certainly ~~does~~ possesses, by reason perhaps of that
strong tincture of common clay, the ~~supreme virtue~~
the rare gift, the grace which is compounded of so many
elements that the ~~constituent~~ ~~merging~~ ~~has~~ ~~to~~ the strongest
mixture is ~~said~~ ~~by the chief~~ as the endurance &
indestructible essence from which ~~wolves are mad~~
Cabies the ~~Salesmen~~ boys drovers still to quote his sayings
on a wet night in the Strand. That this
saintly or representative character is the product of the
personal ~~prophet~~ ascendency, & could have existed just
as forcibly if Johnson had never written a word can is
clear from the fact that this mythmaking quality is
independent of written words & springs from some personal
~~power~~ ascendency is clear. People who have never
read a word of Johnson's writing feel ~~the~~ yet inspired
by the to add to the myth from their own stores,
endowing him creating him so that he is by which
means alone he is assured of immortality, for
the figures Whether the myth that created by art of the
ever not by in process of time altogether travesty the actual

The coarse, moody, rough-tempered man who possesses the rare gift, the grace which is compounded of so many elements that the strongest mixture is as the endurance & indestructible essence from which drovers still to quote his sayings on a wet night in the Strand.

NYPL

apply

the
matters
are heavy

almost

for the most
part;

132

perversity

122

man, remains to be proved.

~~Proof, happily, can always~~ lies near to hand,
But ~~the test~~ in Johnson's case, the test is near at hand, —
easy to ~~correct~~. ~~For can~~ There are the ~~works~~ words,
as distinct from the deeds — the Rambler, the Vanity of Human
Wishes, the tour to the Hebrides, the Lives of the Poets.
And it cannot be denied that they fix & refine the features ~~that~~ which
~~the master makers~~ under the influence of the myth-makers
~~might~~ tend to wobble & spread In the first place they
make us revise that part of the legend which ~~was~~ bears it what
Stinger hate it ~~is to the effect that Johnson~~
called "the Johnsonian mastodon." This, was ~~he as~~
heavy & Latin-bound & Johnsonian as ~~the~~
tradition has it? Not, at any rate, in the Lives of the
Poets. ~~In~~ ~~Indeed~~ ~~If can fading tapers were~~
after a date of ~~uncertain~~ contemporary prose, this of Johnson appears
~~sided~~ brief, pointed, elegant; alight, ~~alert~~ with ~~alt~~ its
feet neatly, ~~together~~; ~~for example~~ —
~~always~~; ~~vigour~~ vigorously in advance — "among this
Laggard race of frosty proverbs he might well have
risen into eminence by producing something wh.
they would not willingly ~~have~~ let die! & so on.
~~Among~~ The words occur in that ~~essay~~ ~~life~~ of Milton
which is more often quoted as an example ~~of the~~ ~~faults~~ of ~~the~~ great
Critic's ~~aberrations~~ than of the grace & elasticity
of ~~his~~ style. ~~And~~ he goes on, warped by ~~some~~ an
prejudice which customarily ~~twist~~ twists his judgment out of
~~the straight~~ to ~~pronounce~~ commonly a little
perhaps upon "a kind of respect, perhaps unconsciously,
paid to the great man by his biographers: every
hearer in wh. he resided is historically mentioned,
as if there were an injury ~~neglect~~ naming any place
that he honoured by his presence." That respect is
now far more ~~properly~~ copiously lavished upon Johnson than
upon Milton.

NYPL

Here, prefixed to Mr Flowers Edition of the Life, is an article by Stanton Dobyns carefully, precisely, & methodically enumerating each street house of Johnson's living places throughout his life, which, in the two large volumes edited by Mr Ingpen, these same sacred precincts are depicted illustrated so prosperly that the Life almost seems to be a book becomes a picture gallery. Both Editions therefore meet different needs. In Flowers in the handier, the smaller, the more literary; but Ingpen's gives one the opportunity of ~~of~~ which Johnsonian can afford to miss, of seeing Johnson in every attitude, in every habitat, in every ~~attitude~~ in the ⊙ in a little vignette but a more or perfect entertaining to the eye.

brings Johnson in every attitude, in every habitat, before the eye. It is the forerunner of that of the reader to the new & interesting

the deer. We are foretold the day when, as a matter of course, the great man's life will be accompanied by a cinematograph record.

together with Johnson in every attitude & every Flowers friend & every

world-guide flowing round our incarnate profession of pictures.

NYPL

1,500

1st Jan: 1926

Much new writing & delight there we may delight of we follow them

are not with Bentley Hodgen & R - 119

She begins to

remote Utter hope in the world of

One way leads into biography; the way leads to biography. the heavy pleasures of who was Defoe, & which way did he spell his name - in one word or two? & what year was he born, 1660 or 1661? There are ways of approach, & it leads through all the heavenly pastures of biography, but whether to whether we shall reach Robinson Crusoe in our lifetime, is another question. Next, there is an approach which leads with a prim & thorny Mistress, acrid tact, thick rouge, & carefully tended, which is called the labelled the Rise & development of the novel. There we learn how the literary tendencies of the seventeenth century were all in favour of the novel; how the spirit of the age had turned its eye upon fact & detail; how the romance had ever risen above the prose had lost its frills & furbelows & become 'close, naked natural', fitting its figures the facts of life & not its fancies. But this all that is there, too, we might dispatch all the working hours of a happy life; for what will o'the wisp there haunts more enchanted glades or fewer forests the spirit of the age when men of learning & carry on the chase & pursue her through scatter all over English literature in her pursuit; Only now & then one thinks of the classics, waiting somewhere at the end of these avenues, to be read. & until driven deeper on to Meg at one & then cut across country on the sly, & approach She begins to wonder whether some knew the very hour & moment of & person with her complexion. & the colour of her hair; some knew, like the palm of one's hand, the history origin, rise, growth, development, decline & fall & probable decease of the English novel from its its conception in (say) Egypt, to its decease in (say) Paraguay, & one would seek an ounce of additional pleasure from Robinson Crusoe, or read it & what more intelligently. For & the problem which confronts the ordinary reader is not touched by these & questions. Every time he confronts whatever it may be — before

NYPL

Rodrigue Crowe, Ten of the Wheberville, Rude & Regardie
he has the same lonely battle to fight for himself: ~~the~~ a
simple & awful & marvellous affair; a grappling of
spirit with spirit. a fight where he may be drowned or
rise triumphant. Sing at Leeds to be a question of proportion.

NYPL

The problem ~~remains~~ as difficult faces one as
Goethe ~~The books themselves have to be~~ by themselves
Where the books ~~stand upon~~ get naked, ~~stark~~ for ~~,or~~ however ~~we~~
~~we may~~ wind & wriggle in our approach to them, there is,
for the ordinary ~~reader nothing~~ ~~proved to be~~ that lonely battle,
between reader & reader, mind & mind; ~~which no professor,~~
~~reviewer or dragnet can mitigate.~~ Though no a
~~before~~ help comes. ~~How a teach for~~ a. collection an
encounter. ~~What the we must find for ourselves~~, We
have to bring ~~must~~ to perspective, mastrosity to
order. A ~~work~~ book is all on top ~~of us~~. ~~As for pitching top~~
~~There~~ Before we can sharpen single detail, we have to
possess ourselves the whole.

~~It~~ ~~stand yet~~ ~~Before we~~

Detail ~~the~~ ~~mind upon us~~
however we may be ~~wanted~~ to consider detail after detail,
we can not pay attention to a thing, or ~~probably~~
~~feel part~~ decide where to place our possession ~~what to do with~~ acquisition.
Then ~~heavily~~, that ~~profundity~~ - until we have
~~got to for ever~~ got the measure of the books
perspective - We must first accommodate our
vision to ~~depths of~~ ~~mind~~ ~~with~~ their adjustment what is
difficult - how that no Mr Whitley no Sir Walter
Raleigh, no historian, or professor of them all can
help us. have got the proportions of their world into
our minds, no critic of them all can help us.
~~Indeed~~ With ~~all respect to the biographer a historian~~,
Indeed ~~to~~ ~~they distract & hinder us~~. ~~Speaking~~
what can be more distracting, when we are
trying to understand the relations of ~~nature to man, of~~
~~man to God, or of man to his fellows~~, a man & God &
nature ~~upon which~~ as Robinson Crusoe ~~that to be~~

Three working
Manuscripts,
Three ~~a~~ red
Exercises
The book stays,

~~round us, over us~~
~~on top of us.~~

~~beauty~~ not ~~style~~
profundity

NYPL

of Robinson Crusoe

develop, deaden,

development

but as it
whole the
elements
remain
constant,

reminded that the 'Defoes' owe much to the spectators or
that the story is founded upon that ~~case~~ of Alexander Selkirk?
~~What is the~~ Indeed when we are trying ~~to decide~~
to understand the relations of man & God & nature in Robinson Crusoe.
For the ~~biographers~~ & the historians & biographers differ that there
~~simple~~ elements in ~~Robinson~~ a novel change according to the
period; the biographers say that ~~the accidents of life~~ affect
them: while, in ~~the~~ a are altered; whereas
~~coming~~ for our part, ~~coming~~ falling upon Defoe
naked handed, it seems as if a ~~her~~ ~~Robinson Crusoe~~
~~& our problem were of another order altogether.~~
~~the relations of the~~ there was no order ~~no succession~~
orderly & accountable in fiction; but only a
~~this tremendous~~ fact, which in for all its surface
simplicity is so difficult to grasp —
a perpetual change of perspective. ~~God~~ man & his
relation to men, nature, & behind or above the power
conveniently called God — this is the prospect upon which
a novelist gazes, ~~& now~~ But in his view of it, the
relations between the different ~~perspectives~~ is
constantly changed. And has time much influence?
~~Does not~~ Fielding & Richardson live in the same
sketch system; but how differently they arrange their
perspective! what has Scott in common with Jane
Austen? or Kipling with Hardy?

NYPL

There is a ~~simple~~ basic ~~fact~~ business which has to be transacted between ~~reader & writer~~ a reader ~~writer~~ before any further dealings are possible, & here no intermediaries can be of the least ~~service~~. ~~Before we can~~ We must get the measure of the books perspective, we must accommodate our vision to Wolves, & until we have got the proportions of Robinson Crusoe right in our minds not a critic of them all can help us. Until we know how Defoe, or Robey, or whoever it may be, ~~places his objects~~, orders his world ~~perceive~~ the ornaments that would, ~~to~~ which critics ~~draw attention~~, ~~the~~ & the ~~fractions that~~ would history of that world to which historians draw attention, are superfluous matter ~~for~~ which we can make no use. All alone we must see through the novelists eyes ~~how~~ ~~the world appears to him~~; ~~the~~ ~~the elements are few & simple. There is man, & men, nature, & behind or above~~ how he ranges ~~above~~ what arrangement he makes of objects ~~in themselves~~ simple enough ~~for what~~ ~~his vision of the world~~, & how the world appears to him, & in what order he ranges those simple large ~~& coming objects~~ upon which novelists are ~~fated~~ ~~for ever~~ to gaze: man & men, nature &, behind & above, ~~that~~ the power which is conveniently called God. ~~For~~ Simple in themselves, these objects can be made almost unrecognizable ~~if the novel they compose~~ ~~a by their the way in~~ which they are related to each other. Nor is there any guarantee that ~~people~~ readers who have by ~~some~~ ~~chance~~ a most ~~daily~~ in the Strand ~~will~~ ~~do~~, when it comes to looking at the world, ~~see~~ a One looks at Scotts world, & ~~are sees the~~ ~~world at~~ Scott. Jane looks from Jane Austen's world, the mountains appear all ~~as~~ top ~~yes~~. the men sprawling giant. To

arid

press upon us

And now the consensus & the ~~mere~~ judgment ~~&~~ the difficulty begins.

by the way in which they stand ~~re~~ relation which they are made to bear to each other. towards each other.

with

we may say that the objects themselves are simple:

Here is Scott with his mountains (very large & worn) men therefore drawn to scale: Jane Austen, (against) (looking at the (long) country) in the tea cups to see what we may (as the matter is about tea cups & carriage homes; purely domestic; while Peacock draws (crumbly) all sprawls over heaven & Earth one fantastic hieroglyphic: (we) any three stories what of the world between 1801 & 1820 are of the same world, & between 1805 & 1820. And it (seems) (as if the reader must necessary for the reader to get as of the reader must) that matters. Thus the perspective in the primary (relationships) between one work & another; (For this) (seems this is confusing) this might (that) & you could only (had our senility) in the proper focus, then the (battle) would be over, & we could settle down with the help of (other) historians. to enjoy the facts.

But

wh. is in wh. neither tea cups nor mountains is

NYPL

to make

memicking

wd. most humbly demand if he believed what Nandy believes.

is one of the most human beings ed. Dear Dear!

whatever damage he may inflict upon private properties

wants

But here are many difficulties to argue. ~~the most that can be brought~~ for we bring with us, ~~stamped upon our existence~~ our own vision of the world, & ~~it persists~~ cannot help attempting ~~imagining~~ that the world of fiction square with it. ~~All the more~~ Until there lies in the imaginary world, are men & women & Gods, ~~counterparts~~ ~~of those~~ of the men & women & Gods of reality. How injured & insulted we feel then, if tricks are played, & the our private harmony upset! Just the Obscure appears; or a volume of Proust, & the papers are flooded with letters ~~from~~ protests. So Mayor Gibbs of Cheltenham the world is full of bad cheer & comfort; Miss Wiggs of Hampstead must protest that though Proust are ~~wicked~~ wonderful, ~~that~~ his ~~not the world of~~ unreal, impure, immoral. ~~And so on.~~ Each reader of immoral. Each reader is trying to control the novelists perspective, to so that it shall resemble his own. But the great realist - the Nandy, the Proust - is ~~uncompromising~~. goes his way, & to do the readers justice, they often succeed in forgetting their personal grievance — a world in which is no laughing matter & the Ibsens & the Bubbles & the Hardys & the Prousts are ~~great~~ ~~random~~ ~~no~~ ~~perfection~~ of this kind of private property — & thereby contract cloisters, narrow, abbreviate their own vision so as to judge & by the power of his brow bring order from chaos, & ~~whatever~~ Mayor Gibbs may say, or Miss Wiggs ~~felt~~ his tree there his man there, & his deity wherever his deity should be. ~~What is more,~~ ~~He has a~~ More is a ~~nothing~~ ~~to the~~ proceeding

NYPL

a perspective
then one,

in order to
understand them,
we must wrench
ourselves free from
our Western outlook

In these narratives, where
~~which~~ Dua he gets his ~~one~~ vision Chas, ~~there is a distinction~~
he reflects it often so severely or Constantly his sense ~~of the~~
order that that man is here, nature there, a God above, below, or
round the corner, that we often suffer that curious form of
boredom, tinged with exultation which ~~is~~ great books
inspire in us ~~in the result of Crawley on~~
~~to~~ To return to Robinson Crusoe, first we must note
that we cannot read this classic without
acquisition ~~of~~ ~~for~~ a masterpiece; ~~the~~ ~~after insist upon~~
2 ~~this~~ it is a masterpiece largely because the consistency with
which the perspective is preserved. Given the story -
a man alone on a desert island for 23 years -

NYPL

For that reason he thwarts & flouts us at every turn; nine the
chances are that his subject - a man alone on a desert island -
excites instantly evokes in us who have read Shakespeare &
Wordsworth & Rousseau, & have perhaps even
natural idiosyncrasy as a vision of less territory;
Nature, a mind driven in upon itself,
its intensities & perplexities; the touchy keen sensibility
cruelly against nature a native background; & then, into
this world of beauty & terror, man breaking again with an
uproar. man lonely, savage man appearing
& lost in its solitude taking the impress of every leaf &
pebble. & yet fitted in the pulse yet own to
solitude which, at last, a troop of savages, despels — it
breaks into fragments — some such idea as this
is sketched upon our eyes up in outline before us; &
this is to be ruthlessly corrected in every detail as time
leads by every stage of the real book. (The true
that Robinson Crusoe is alone, is true that he is
on a desert island. But from the very first page, first
before leaves us and I As a painter takes his
brush & draws a line to which every thing in his
picture will must in future conform so the
beginning we are subject before rules a pregnant line
begins: takes his pen & draws a a large
solid object - whether a boat or tree or a ship -
& we cannot forced to their we have to admit
that this - such fact, unlike, as bare as he can make it
is going to dominate the rest. to nature - Then
comes a man self - must recede & die out; &
man, will be reduced as far as human to an a law
universal animal who gets a license, & God will be
dived up to & the semblance of a magistrate
ruling from a cloudy but convenient seat a little
above the horizon.

[illegible] makes
upon words,
& the soul,
a mind

this

in it
& become merely
an agent of wet &
fine;

NYPL

~~At Each~~
Each visitor gives us permission of information upon ~~those~~ the
Cardinal points of perspective - God, man, nature, is
sketched back ~~with the information~~ with ruthless
Common sense. His limits of God, delightfully: — "sometimes
I would expostulate with myself, why Providence should
have completely run its creatures .... But something
always arrested myself upon me to check these thoughts."
As for ~~the weather~~ nature, there ~~is much rain~~ or it is 'very hot.'
~~Never was does he sit~~ The scenery ~~is~~ fields are
'adorn'd with flowers & grass, & full grey fine woods."
but the important thing is that they harbour an abundance
of parrots, one which Naught, meant to tamed & taught
to speak... ~~and the birds of the~~ And whom he has helped to
Kill ~~for~~ in ~~his to consider~~ us to unlearn reflections for
"they lay open to the sun & would probably be offensive."
We can find no way out ~~of the~~ no reflection, ~~no hope~~, no illusion
~~Escape from this~~ And having realized that, we are
reduced to take what before serves us, & to realize that
his way is ~~after all~~ wholly in rigour, the best. ~~what~~
in no other way ~~could~~ ~~have this~~ could he so realize he so read,
& that vegetably, like a Great artist he has
brought his world into order & embraced, & arranged, &
~~taught~~ forgone this & dared that, so ~~that~~ with
the result that ~~these~~ his harmony prevails, & ~~when~~ we
having cleared our minds of preconceptions ~~to~~ to art
what ~~that~~ harmony should be, we can accept this
with complete satisfaction: we can surrender
ourselves to plain profound help

71

126

but the need for
speech pauses for
284

not about mortality
& time,

to perceive

becoming
a child
again

Dorothy
Wordsworth
viewed it

NYPL

Miniature Portraits by Gédéon Tallemant Sieur des Réaux. Guy Chapman.

Tallemant des Reaux left, as Mr. Hamish Miles points out, nine substantial volumes, containing the portraits of nearly five hundred sitters. If in this excellently printed book only twenty five of these little biogra sketches are translated, with a view 'to please the taste, & stimulate the curiosity' of the general reader. Others have been said that portrait painting is an art in which the French surpass the English; & there is no better match to be found for the present book in English literature. If a ~~case~~ is tonight, we may The freedom from prudery the freedom from morality which the French of the 17 Century enjoyed, together with the comparative suppleness of their speech, are all reasons why it was Easier for them to be intimate & outspoken & personal & abt & thus to treat successfully of the Character of men & women than for us. Moreover Tallemant was one of those benefactors of the race who are ready for the sake of truth to forego all the profits & pleasures of immediate fame. His manuscripts, written in the middle of the 17 Century, from were not published until the year 1833, when they so violently upset the ~~learned~~ current view of that age that the book was held to be an imposture, a Pietro Cossi perpetrated in his bullip that it was all a hoax.

But what has Tallemant to tell us that is so profoundly upsetting? Merely that Kings & Queens, nobles & statesmen, are ~~so~~ or

Whims & Vasarei

NYPL

20

Bellin provided a han ordinary people with means for being
Extravagant, ~~cruel~~, Eccentric, & Vicious. ~~At~~ One picks out
little remarks like this " Her eldest son died mad; he used
to make soles for shoes at the Lenet Tapestries of
Chelly, ~~at~~ or " this of Louis XIII: who loved
make Clysters hopes, lace nets, arquebuses, Coins, but
nevertheless "At times he would take somebody a Day to
him: "Let us stand at this window, & let's be bored,
let's be bored!" Then he would sink into musing."
~~It~~ This not altogether surprising to find that the same king
who d. make, . . . found diversion at the siege of
Montauban in mimicking the grimaces of the dying "
as it was somewhat cruel " Tallemant remarks: but Tallemant
was little given to reverchy, & his pages are stuffed
so full of ~~anecdotes & Gossip~~ that ~~that~~ there is no
place left for moral judgements. & the delight & wonder
& what actually happens there. For instance
Madame de Rambouillet could not stand the heat.
but & in cold weather had (for the portrait was written
in the Ladies life time) to get in bed with her legs in a
bearskin bag. Otherwise
with Crispin Pelas from a store having been forgetfully
left beneath her bed." Tallemant indeed was are
of these alarming men who are half fame cat & half
tiger. He ~~was to be found~~ went everywhere: he
knew everyone; he was well connected
Paris. And the result is a book full of truth &
indecency & amusement; which such as this a
Great delight to read of their friends: but not of mes own.
Moreover, like all gossips. he can be genial. & be dull.

NYPL

The Movies

No one is likely to deny that the great value afforded, even as things are, by the great arts of literature, & music, & painting. It would be superfluous to point out how much we owe to Shakespeare, how much to Beethoven, how much to Tolstoi & the rest. At the same time many happen, occasions clear, when intimate that even so we are not completely represented, even by these great masters. Only dreaming in a garden, when the wind blows a feather pirouetting before us. Instantly tightens our nerves - something terrifying, unknown has happened & gathering & inexplicable has happened & is happening again. Or, perhaps, a horse fails at the sight of a motor car. Or, again, when we are in something that has never been tamed & familiarised by the fancy of man. Or it may be simply the tadpoles in the merzena of unexpected shadows. swells which brandishes & jeers at us, & disappears. The fear always accompanies these Or in the through the door of the church there echoes & rolls a chaos a dementia of men & women & beasts howling together in unholy prayer or Combination some which assaults us, as with an unspeakable hate again with unspeakable fear. Or there are rifles, but they affect us in this strange way not at all they testify to a wind blowing across a power of emotion which is still unharnessed to its proper object. To a savage might have felt when a hurricane stood in the sky & he thought how fierce & unscaped that was around all the more might lie hid in that future music of Mozart & Beethoven.

When we read The movies we too, with all our

NYPL

civilisation, are much in the position of savages, but savages who have learnt a electricity in their control, Shakespeare & Beethoven in their ~~for~~ ~~can~~ ~~conse~~ possession, ~~are not~~ ~~who wear~~ are not simple at all. On the contrary the English savage of the twentieth century as he takes his ~~seat~~ haughty tightly cushioned seat at one of the picture palaces, is a highly polished specimen; & it is much to his surprise that he learns, when from facing the movies, how much he resembles the naked man striking two pieces of green together - how strangely & terrifyingly he feels himself standing on the verge of the future, looking into the Cauldron from which whose bubble & steam a new shape will eventually arise ~~one~~ of these centuries arise.

NYPL

civilisations, are much in the position of savages, but savages who have steam & electricity in their control, Shakespeare & Beethoven in their possession, are not who were are not simple at all. On the contrary the English savage of the twentieth century as he takes his seat keenly vitally conscious seat at one of the picture palaces, is a highly polished specimen; & it is much to his surprise that he realises when from facing the movies, how much he resembles the naked man striking two pieces of flint together - how strangely & terrifyingly he feels himself standing on the verge of the future, looking into the Cauldron from which whose bubble & steam a new shape will eventually arise one of these centuries is.

NYPL

~~to Air when we~~
Looking into a coffee cup at the bottom of the cup. ~~for~~
we are

Circumstances, of course, have changed. Furs cover our nakedness;

nevertheless

When we look into our cups above the picture palaces, we are so overlaid with ~~ashy~~ a crust of old conversations that ~~we~~ ~~that~~ ~~Savage in us is slain at~~ ~~Effect.~~ it is very hard to ~~bring~~ the Let the Savage have his say. primeval man. But we have no external likeness to

there he takes his stand up against pure & mindless

a safe place,

~~Savage~~ ~~which~~ we become aware of ~~the~~ unharnessed Emotions, of a crude attempt at expression, of something ~~which will~~ trying to left itself up out of chaos. There we seem to be able to guess at some art which ~~will~~ in ~~it~~ the course of time will harness these guess amorphous sensations. ~~To disentangle~~ But after try to disentangle what we feel at the Movies we are ~~baffled~~ at every turn. At first regret what could be more ~~sickly~~ & efficient?— ~~Yet~~ kinds their ~~(sole)~~ homes were this race; ~~or~~ the king markets hands with football teams ~~&~~ ~~the~~ ~~here is nothing except what we~~ have ~~seen dozens of times for ourselves~~ all this is But ~~there we have~~ But ~~on a~~ Later At second sight cut off from ~~reality~~ exhibited in dumb show, for these ordinary scenes have taken on a mysterious quality: some subtlety, accent & how become, not beautiful in the strange that works ~~of~~ art are beautiful, but ~~sublime~~ ~~proposed with a~~ quality for which there seems to be no name. Are we to Call it reality? ~~Though seen in themselves~~ ~~Now~~ it is More is ~~Though seen as~~ ~~It seems as if we saw~~ ~~as~~ when we have no longer a part in the king, or in the street, ~~the king & the street become more~~ we become Dead Disinterested observers, & ~~as~~ ~~a~~ ~~something~~ some

NYPL

~~Something to come~~

& as we gaze we seem to be removed from the pettiness of actual
quickness, & after the lung pathos some jolly antics into our
vision, or yet it is a wave breaking or a cornfield blowing in
become ~~a little~~ ~~profoundly~~ stirred yet at the same time saddened
by the revelation of this extraordinary beauty which with
Continue whether we watch it or not. For what reason

The ~~managers of~~ makers of films however are
determined for some reason to neglect what is obviously one of the
most potent & presumably the cheapest of their resources.
Can Rome at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, Mont Blanc, & the
Flight of ducks, & the Thames, the steppers at
Greenwich, Mr. Asquith making a speech, a ~~troop~~ ~~of~~ horses at
Clouds moving, all these ~~sights~~ are infinitely more
Exciting than ~~Ramaleo~~ Romans & Oliver Twist or Lorna
Doone which cost thousands & thousands to produce.
Further, as the Film wisely proved the other day, this
another Emotion can be presented played upon ~~by~~ which
Introduces ~~a different temptation~~ ~~just another turn of the~~ ~~screw~~ the pad
Leaves to twist the screw still more effectively — the part.
Reproduce the films of fifteen years ago, & those ~~that are~~
have at once a comedy chord is produced in the
Spectator. There is added to the actual picture an
Reaction of a cluster of Emotions — amusement, admiration,
surprise, anger — ~~Lord Salisbury's~~ daughter ~~being~~ married in a gown
that is Lord Salisbury's daughter being married in a gown
which no bride could wear to day; & that is Lynch lovely
bowing & smiling & throwing via a spreading train
before the ~~guns had~~ as if there was no such thing as
a European war ahead yet: as there are the
Suffragettes keeping ~~guard~~ at Holloway — dear lucky wrongs,
in long skirts, for whom the reward to be ~~is~~ are
Cooking Insects, yet one need not be a suffragette to
respect the dreary old grasses for
chief ~~reason~~ remembering ~~how~~ having won their battle: & so on.

Yet was that true
how hard & they have
won their victory,

& we know we
do. & we think the
Queen appears ~~in~~ the
Suffragettes have
the scene won the
victory & the
mind is wonderful

NYPL

When

It
Film producers tend to neglect all their, tempted no doubt by the richness & variety of the means at their command. ~~Where when they can~~ So much seems ~~to be~~ within their power. There are all the famous novels waiting to be dramatized; & all fiction is waiting to be shown upon the screen. ~~No actors can~~ It seems simple enough to take ~~any~~ ten of the Dostoevskies or any other novel with a sufficiently melodramatic plot, ~~to underline the~~ & ~~leave out~~ rather ~~most~~ & ~~make it into a series of~~ pictures & translate ~~it into a series of highly melodramatic lantern~~ into scenes which any child can ~~not~~ understand. & ~~transpose it into~~ separate into scenes which any shopgirl or errand boy with half an hour to spare can take in ~~swallow~~ as a pulp. ~~But obviously~~ Nor is there any reason why ~~a~~ writers ~~should~~ take up a superior attitude. And the pictures so made, whether from famous novels or from the productions/imagination are often ~~a failure~~ as they ~~are~~ intend to be & ~~meant~~ entertaining ~~unintentionally~~ & ~~beautiful~~ peasant accidentally. But always there seems to be some ~~misfit, some waste~~ or misdirection of energy ~~which~~ something misled, or ~~even~~ neglected or opportunity which reminds us ~~that~~ in the midst of the most Gorgeous & ~~Comfort~~ spectacles Competent performances of the immaturity ~~of~~ & the tentative & immature Condition of the art. ~~Obviously this~~ At present obviously ~~in their translations &~~ this leaning for too much of its weight upon literature. This ~~unfailing theory in~~ ~~words from~~ this trying to ape the page ~~provides~~ provides ~~Hollywood~~ ~~Broadway~~ the Idea ~~Like~~ the theme is taken from literature & ~~embellished~~ embellished, & emphasized by being made visible. to the

Further suggests the least assured necessarily ~~interesting~~ & least literary person

that the artist is fumbling & groping with his material.

NYPL

pictures can only follow books with most halting & clumsy fashion;

age. But tho as the age is in very imperfect accord with the literary sense, what happens is that we get a version & ray of Oliver Twist which is naturally has very little resemblance to the book, what is more but as for ever trying to break away from its the connection & to give us something entirely of a different intrinsically different. as it

& can only hobbles after the story, is always trying to break away & give us something entirely different, confusing, after all over hear. what after all our hearing cinemas hear,

But what then is the natural heart, the peculiar gift, of the cinema? Coming to be many arts, inheriting from Gothic this from literature & that from painting, from music effortlessly ready to come into the alliance & become the the actor willing to make & from the drama, it seems embarrassed by its own prosperous riches & impeded from taking a stride in any one direction by the multitude of paths open to it. which lie before it.

Yet Now & again some thing happens at a movie which reminds gives us precisely the sense which we have imagined in the image making when her own brain rang together & foretelling the tragic fated the music of Mozart - Beethoven. At Dr Caligari a performance of Dr Caligari the other day, for instance, A shadow marked something like a tadpole appeared in one corner of the screen. For a moment it had the seemed to be looked intentional, seemed intended, as to be the embodiment of some monstrous, deranged emanation in the lunatics brain. For a moment, some new expression of an undefined idea suspended, with its regular train of development & relief which such realization brings with them. then it was gone. It was merely accidental. Had & seemed to be in process of hauled up & prepared to be proud & so produced a thrill of & excitement & which the realization a sense of expectation & & wonder & amazement such as attends those strange moments

after performance of Dr Caligari one day.

NYPL

When out of the great bubbling Cauldron / emerges a new shape.
In fact, ~~it proved to be an accident~~ arose as accident, a
shadow which ~~was not~~ had fallen upon screen not intended. But
if a shadow, at a certain moment, can suggest so much more
than a real form, ~~if the movies can~~ it seems plain
that the movies can ~~to~~ have within their grasp a ~~world~~
vast innumerable symbols for that emotion which
have so far failed to find expression. ~~Many~~ Vaguely -
dimly we are ~~thinking of things~~ have thought which are not in
shape: ~~we have also a sense of~~ words nor in words ~~or~~ nor in
rapidly changing & shadow, tadpole shaped, which emerges
menaces & falls away. ~~Compare~~ Contrast Terror, when the
~~as~~ at the hands of the film makes ~~can produce~~ or
~~dance across a film~~, & they fold duly up & disappear
inside the brain ~~the~~ eye hard faced man weary &
pleased the ~~he~~ who is deeply ~~in~~ pen into a presentation
ink pot. Thoughts can pour out of peoples brain in the widest fashion
streams of ~~new symbolical~~, now actual, either of shadow or
of ~~actual shapes~~; now ~~menace, vast, raging~~ barbaric.
A whole ~~hat can~~ be they can change direction, swell,
faster, race, a hand stock still. Moreover, the world can be
rifled of all its beauty. Where ~~a~~ the poet ~~must~~ particular,
"like my lover's like a red red rose", the film maker
can catch at ~~the~~ dawn or mist or wave —
~~or even~~ ~~or what one of indistinct~~; with the probability
being that none of these symbols will ~~do~~ disappear or be
~~xx~~ recalled that ~~the~~ beauty is to be or relate them
ancient symbols in some new fashion which proves
forever the wonder of speech.

Shape like a tadpole.

or the forest actually

the most daring contents (not more daring than those we archaic dwell)

so strangely

But

NYPL

Queries

All these ~~Queries are leading~~ at the future are leading us in the same direction. ~~We are~~ asking the ~~movie~~ film makers to make ~~a~~ films that will ~~concentrate upon their~~ develope that what We are asking the film makers to turn us away from literature & the other arts, toward ~~and~~ from the arts we Knew, towards ~~us~~ me which shall have in the ~~coming~~ Seek ~~nearer~~ to ~~conception~~ ~~within~~ the ~~relative~~ the ~~pace~~ speed, & ~~fantasy~~, ~~this~~ ~~chameleon~~ powers of to the power of fact creating astonishing & fantastic forms, ~~with~~ immense rage immensity & meaningness; its capacity for contrasting ~~something~~ the arches & pinnacles of our dreams ~~with~~ ~~the appearance~~ ~~appearance with~~ photographic exactitude of reality; ~~of~~ to ~~while~~ it was also that the strangeness of for ~~to~~ facing us with the beauty of a ~~shop~~ ~~pass~~ one ship ~~passing another~~ racing, ~~or~~ or a horse jumping, or an crain ~~breaking~~ or ~~or~~ a crowd going about its business, ~~without knowing~~ as they are in ~~that~~ the ~~Heller~~ & intense world ~~which~~ which ~~gives~~ when we have no part in it ~~when~~ when viewed from our beyond the ~~just~~ ~~mist~~. Just at least are the glimpses which ~~emerge~~ peep at accidentally, from as the films reach the glimpses which seem to be leading down ~~to~~ ~~in~~ new avenues. ~~Yes~~ But what art can be made of hints & glimpses? ~~Here are~~ hints & glimpses merely; are ~~a~~ ~~little~~ practical ~~no reason~~. or ~~is~~ mountain. here, a ~~raa~~ here there, some floating thought, some need ~~a~~ need. We need ~~Amongst are glints~~ are incoherent. ~~some one~~ this Connect the fragments together, some one to ~~be~~ them upon a canvas. which to create for the cinema. the centuries of ~~in the laboratories~~ ~~a~~ ~~work~~ the ~~fail~~ Experiment ~~of~~ Centuries ~~has~~ have created for literature & art music.

We. we Knew not, but wh.

revealing

of that

Ah from between the lines of those forgeon, Silvers & unutterably [illegible] performances Ln wh. we are invited to abound

Can only be incoherent forerunners

NYPL

some one who shall detach the while freeing the art from its dependence on ~~abt~~ parallel dependence upon the other arts, shall ~~For lemon~~ lead from dependence upon literature & painting, like as Cenedia some body will have to make as welcome in that the fantastic reality & weird as we should now say 'unreality' of the art are indeed as natural ~~but as~~ no more to. as it would be if it developed ~~by~~ our ~~feature~~ are as ready to ~~they~~ accept as the real in music, or the rhyme & metre in poetry. Meanwhile we ~~can~~ must ~~let the savages in on their way.~~ But at present, ~~all the~~ savages are ~~we must accept the fact that we are~~ essential — primitive people with sharp ears & huge lips ~~who~~ peeping out among the parallelograms & rectangles & ~~rectangles~~ which allow room for the lap a ledger for certain opera glasses. They ~~are~~ do not know what they want. They ~~look~~ are they are generally dumbfounded when what they are given. ~~Some & then they~~ They do not know what they want. But they have ~~besieged with~~ got ideas into their heads. For instance, Piccadilly Circus — no one ~~of~~ the savages may think, in a moment's pause among the flower barrows, ~~of~~ what new beauties & attributes with its flowers & ~~flags~~ & its immense turnout of theatres & its omnibuses & clouds. The railways beneath it; & the hills above: & Oh for ~~why not fly that on the~~ ~~telephones~~ & what? telling ~~they~~ might they will make of that!

~~Meanwhile is~~ ~~the flagrancy~~ ~~of this can be done~~ ~~in mere~~ ~~painting. what~~ ~~but merely for~~ ~~while yr.~~

NYPL

The Letters of Walter Raleigh.

Methuen & Co. Ltd. 30/-

In a certain Wednesday in March 1889, Walter Raleigh, then aged 28, gave his first lecture upon English literature in Manchester. It was not his first lecture by any means, because he had already for (2) years been lecturing the Queen's Subjects in India. But it was his first appearance in that capacity. After Manchester came Liverpool, then Glasgow, then Oxford. He lectured incessantly. Towards the end of his life indeed his fame was so great that the number of his lectures increased so that sometimes he would prepare as many as he had to give in his half-hour's walk from his home at Ferry Hinksey to the lecture room. He became such an adept at this art that at the end he would [illegible] "sometimes . . . . . " And they were brilliant lectures. Those who heard him [illegible] the lecture rooms were crowded. People who heard him record that his lectures were stimulating then, made them open their eyes, were, in short, their hearing was unforgettable. Raleigh's wonderful lectures were not always at his best, but when he's good nobody can touch him" — That was the general verdict.

However there is, in the course of two large volumes of letters, not a single remark of any interest about literature. That is odd. But it is still odder, perhaps, that it does not seem to us odd. We do not [illegible] we were content ourselves up a beginning to think about it at all. It seems to us not at all odd, it seems to us that precisely what we [illegible] the most natural thing in the world. The two main aspects of Raleigh's literature to write about [illegible] when he is perfectly at his ease are Dr. L "I did mean to do Chaucer in six Chapters, & Wordsworth in better known as Waddy,

at all their places he

at Oxford to say impudently things about literature

to write precisely as Raleigh wrote to my

NYPL

also on his Chaffers. But if they will Clap me as a
Summer Lesson here, I don't know what will happen."
The page for Professors, so ~~are~~ likely that they are to "do" Chaucer, &
Shakespeare. They learn to feel that somebody is always
saying "done." At this very moment one may be sure,
And one likes them to do it gaily as Raleigh did it -
without an ounce of pretence or solemnity, &
One expects them to ~~criticise~~ say Meredith & George Eliot:
"We eulogized Meredith's Gospel (not his art) &
Each had a free day at George Eliot's twopenny
melodrama & then veiled ~~off~~ to bed" or "I love
drama - She is a lady. & there are so few. I have
bought all George Meredith's novels - one, called
Love in the Valley is beyond words lovely. His is the
best poet." or "Scott to morrow - not a poet, I
think, but fine old man. Good old Scott"
~~the~~ 'about Blake. "The weak point in William (a
Curious thing) is not his Reason, which is A.1., but his
imagination.... Wonderful things the inspired old
Bernard said from time to time in Conversation"
& so on.
Those maybe for What is precisely the
way in which a Professor of English Literature ought to write.
~~Such~~ These are a good many more Those remarks
represent very fairly the tone of what Walter Raleigh
Literary Critics said about books when
when he was writing to his friends or they And
Are & nobody can pretend that such remarks are
profound or interesting or show any very original or
penetrating insight into the art of letter. It
Certainly the writer proposes, that may seem odd.
But what is odder is that of us that we find ourselves
up & began to think about it, it does not seem odd in
the least. from exactly what we expected.

149

254

Walter did not write very great about books

NYPL

Professor of English Literature at Oxford. We, when personal letters to him
~~wrote~~ we had opened Raleigh's letters & read, "I think
posterity should suspect he's a fine writer, not by singularity; it
should strike the reader as a striding of his own highest thoughts, a
~~strear~~ almost an ~~re~~ embrace" then do we ~~should~~ have noticed our
eyes. ~~We would not have felt it~~ We ~~knew that~~ do not suspect
posterity only at not to write like that. For one thing, this not funny.

Libr

~~But~~ ~~But from it would be very true~~ But the
problem is not as simple as it seems ~~the old fable~~ at Professor
Evelyn Nicholson who has written a novel ~~& wants terribly~~
~~was~~ is said to have ~~been~~ the most brilliant of talkers ~~the~~
Raleigh

of we do not suspect them to be
Useless to be

Indeed the moment we begin to think about them
But what then do we expect of a Professor? We expect that
he should ~~teach~~ the minds of his pupils ~~of the literature~~
we really ~~& there~~ are two Parties ~~to~~ one of these things: that he shall
make scholars, or that he shall make lovers. Either you can
know a period thoroughly, or you can love a poet
enthusiastically. Raleigh, ~~as~~ Centaur, chose ~~was~~ on the
~~2nd~~ side of the lovers.

Perhaps the are does
not exclude the Mo.
But

232

As for old Bill Wordsworth he's the same Jack-in-the-mud as
ever. — —

142

To make people old or young care for say the principal
English poets as much as Lady as much as I do that would,
Jam van Gruysh, be something—yet can be
Done. ~~But~~ It was not a learned man. He was not
an Edeler or a scholar. He spent no time on the fabric of English
literature seeping away the moss & repairing the broken noses. He
It ~~refused~~, as he says again & again, to ~~stuff~~ his pupils with
facts "We never come to John Keats. It — so he is
~~simply~~ teach his class". The fact, ~~is~~ true, felt is

125

Examination. But you will never of you be any
nearer Heaven 10 years hence for having taken a B.A.
Degree, which for a love & understanding of Keats you
may have gone several times."

NYPL

He quoted & he talked. He loved Women - He made undergraduates
rock with laughter. He attracted them in crowds to his lectures.
But ~~did they~~ they become more & more aghast ~~as the tale~~ as one
learns the latter, that he no one ever loved poverty as he hated
& Walter Raleigh. They loved the poverty — they loved Raleigh
& venerating the poetic life. They loved — for no one can have
been more lovable — Raleigh himself. But there is a distinction & their powers
& ~~and that~~ ~~yet~~ the ~~Professors~~ men keenly apprehend as the
years drew on.

For Raleigh ~~did not love poverty~~. ~~had~~ · was no

NYPL

~~4~~

that may seem odd until you come to consider what the function of a Professor of English literature is. He is not there to teach people how to write; he is there to teach them how to read. ~~Raleigh Further~~, Raleigh ~~had further~~ qualified his claim still further. He ~~absolutely~~ resolutely refused to stuff his pupils with facts. "The facts, it is true, lie in examinations. But you ...."

He ~~was~~ ~~How to love & understand the~~ ~~Poetry – that~~ ~~seemed to~~ That was his business to make them love & understand – not to make ~~specialists~~ Scholars, pedants. He was not himself a learned man. He knew no more than the ~~rest~~ rest of English literature, ~~scraping~~ away the moss & repairing the broken noses. His lectures were a string of ~~quotations & anecdotes & jokes &~~ stories. The undergraduates ~~rocked~~ with laughter. They came in crowds to his lectures ~~Now~~ ~~but~~ ~~whether~~ ~~& he~~ ~~doubtless~~ ~~as one reads his letters~~ whether one cannot help asking, as one reads his letters, what Further, Raleigh was not himself a writer.

~~That may seem odd:~~

Any clever man, after a ~~drunken~~ party, ~~& when not to~~ ~~be~~ ~~bothered~~ ~~& to scare~~ ~~rouse~~ ~~his~~ ~~them~~ ~~magnetic~~ ~~or the~~ ~~Towny~~ blue who happens to be within earshot ~~would have said~~ ~~talked about~~ exactly what ~~Raleigh~~ ~~to said~~ ~~when he was writing letters at his~~ ~~desk about books.~~ ~~when he was writing to~~ ~~his friends~~ the Professor of English literature said when he was writing to his friends.

~~To prove~~ ~~at first it~~ There is nothing more ~~original~~ ~~or~~ ~~profound~~ than that. ~~There is~~ ~~And~~ There is nothing to suggest that Raleigh ever thought about literature when

NYPL

we feel them
very never
stopped Sunday
Now Saturday

some aspect of

~~He never~~ he was not lecturing upon it. ~~The difference~~ Read Keats
letters ~~&~~ ~~Whenever one hears~~ the letters of Keats one feels that
in reading the letters of Keats, the diary of the Goncourts the
letters of Flaubert or the casual remarks of that unspeakable poet
Tennyson ~~one can not get away from literature~~: the
kneaded into the stuff of their brains. Their fingers are dyed into
Upon the whatever they touch is stained in it. Bloody
Can lead them ~~At every turn they~~ whatever they are doing,
their minds fill up with the ~~literary~~ ~~kindred~~ questions. Question — We
And are unpossible not to catch fire from these them, &
to turn their sayings over & over & apply them to our own
speculations, & see what they will yield. ~~Let us go~~
I think frankly ~
about literature
There is matter for a whole days speculation on every page of Keats.
But the professor of English literature never gave the matter a
thought.
resolve the How shall we compose the difference, how shall we
remark about Bill Blake & Billy Shakespeare & old
Bill Wordsworth as if he were half ashamed of
bringing books into the talk at all. How shall
we compose the difference — settle the discrepancy.
For there is no doubt, fact that Walter Raleigh was
one of the best Professors of literature that you have,
was it no doubt that he did brilliantly whatever it is
that Professors are supposed to do

NYPL

~~Keats~~ loved it. ~~But~~ Keats communicates his love; ~~But~~
but them

Nor is it difficult to find the reason. We have only to turn to Walter Raleigh's books, the English novel, Style, William Shakespeare, & the rest. Wrestled & wrestled, combining a great deal of information ~~&~~ with much shrewd & stimulating comment, but clear that the writer had no natural gift for writing. ~~X Therefore he is debarred~~ prevented ~~He~~ is (any very clever man who has been very highly trained, whether educated) & should be able with practice to write speech as that. ~~Therefore he sets~~ ~~But~~ the excitement the adventure, the difficulty & turmoil of writing were unknown to him. ~~He never experienced them~~ [a Poetry. I think poetry "makes Keats" should surprise by a fine excess", as he had] The great critic ~~arrives after the intervening fact~~. the critic who ~~does~~ lights up literature & makes us think, feels his way ~~by tentatively perhaps by noting his own~~ toward a statement by noting his own features, by enjoying finding out his own the reason why his own successes. & Keats had been that way himself before he wrote "I think poetry should surprise by a fine excess." Always, as the more he wrote, great doors were opening ~~into~~ The heart of literature to him & coming out again, ~~after he had written~~ he was endeavoured to make give some account of what he had seen. But ~~fragmentary~~ adventures & revelations of that kind were ~~comfortless~~ never happened to Walter Raleigh. He never when he was writing. He never wrote a sentence which ~~pass~~ & pierced on in its wake to the discovery of something new. Later He remained always on the high road. ~~Cool, collected, keen &~~ Soon keen & efficient out on the high road. Therefore he began to find literature ~~insufficient~~ ~~lacking in excitement~~ a little dull. He began to say

Never had every virtue: they are clear & well informed, lucid & as a macadamized road But [illegible] without personal gift, Raleigh was debarred from

Come under weaker than their own discovery

understanding the reason

broke down a barrier with a

NYPL

vol. 2 ~~27~~
+2 : 273

ing at upon a "culture hero" & find answers
that he preferred life. He began to turn from the ~~deeds of great~~ poets,
~~person that men wrote to the~~ poetry to the point of view. ~~He~~
~~began to He he cried~~ "... I can't help feeling that Cortical
admiration for what another man has written is an emotion
for ~~Plumptres~~" he wrote. * "~~You must pray to be a Cultivator, nor~~
~~let them hamrid like that.~~" The word became rude & "culture hero"
inevitable ~~was~~ rude & "bottled men were printed". For,
The ~~point was that though Walter Raleigh~~ had the capacity for
In short, being a man of the greatest spontaneity & vigour,
without a ~~Walter Raleigh~~ who hated humbug & most
often ~~mocked~~ upon pleasing ~~of the~~ attitudes ~~Cant~~ Even in the Athenaeum,
Walter Raleigh was found to profess literature & professed
life. * Culture is what they are after ... ~~Last But~~
Really believe, not in refinement & scholarly elegance,
those are only a game, but in blood feuds & the
chase of wild beasts & marriage by capture." *
There is, of course, a great deal of life in literature.
For literature is the most impure of arts. Thus, you are
studying Shakespeare & you ~~go off upon the scent of the~~
Elizabethan voyagers. There, you say, is where Shakespeare
got his imagination - from adventure, from the open &
forests of South America. ~~Or you~~ You are reading
Dickens & you ~~know~~ ~~that~~ ~~only~~ a ~~the~~ lower middle
class who know so much about society. A clever
man There is always a thing called "a point of view";
Raleigh could have found warrant & precedent had he
preached that all literature is based upon this living &
blood feuds & the chase of wild beast & marriage by
Capture." Life is what matters, & literature is the
pseudo harmony round that the wheels make as

NYPL

more fervour
quicker
more
agile fingers.

It seems never before
been tried, never to have
been thought never to have
been tried before.

Entirely
unaffected
& completely
reckless
Snobbery,
he kept hands
arms &
face free of
perfect taboo

~~from the~~ ing the evidence of the letters
Here ~~there can be no mistake~~ he was a master, an Expert.

Few people can ever have ~~had hands more~~ taken what they
wanted ~~out~~ of life with greater skill, ~~picking~~ & taking that,
rejecting that, ~~have~~ ever thrown themselves better adapted to
Get the most from life] without self-consciousness, even in the
Earliest days, without ~~evidence of any kind~~ ~~to~~ any inhibitions from
~~to~~ whatever the force of his whole being seems to
play spontaneously ~~upon~~ ~~thanking, Gay~~, unresponsibly to
~~with a dash of~~ irresponsibility, & yet all the time ~~perfectly~~
Controlled by his an unerring sense of what way is
importance ~~what is of~~ matters & what does not
matter. Wherever he happens to be set down ~~has~~
whether this India or Oxford ~~whether he~~ high society or low, vicarage,
he learned or simple, he finds his balance at once, —
wasted no time in adjusting himself to circumstances. ~~Then~~
The letters ~~have indeed~~ There, in his letters, is the
~~A great talker a brilliant wit, a man~~ He can, though one may
~~never have heard him talk~~, to imagine how he a mind like his
flashed upon talk & played about the flash & sweep &
sweetness of his talk, & how it played over everything &
~~had~~ what fine things he said, what fun he made. & yet
~~he was all the time~~ perverse & circumspect as he appeared,
Everybody his nobody ever thought him ~~his~~ friend & his
friends were ~~able to~~ by him to ~~get more~~ to a ~~better~~
former ~~grasp a key of~~ key of life, a keener relish of life.
all he lit up the landscape & all that it contained.

But the difficulty remains — Nobody, once make the
distinction between life & letters & it follows that you
can praise life & find letters an occupation for old
unmarried old maids, & inevitably one becomes, as
time passes, discontented with praising merely
praising life. mere words, be they ~~but~~ praise, however ~~finely~~
eloquent & inspiring The lover of life must live.

NYPL

But life, in this sense, was rather hard to come by in
the last years of the nineteenth century were ~~regularly shattered~~.
with Queen Victoria on the throne, Lord Salisbury in power, & the
British Empire daily growing more robust. The death of fresh air
did burst in with the Boer War. Raleigh hailed it with a shout of
joy, relief. "... The British officer (a man) returned one's joy in
the race" he said. He felt that there was some relation
between the Good ~~writer & warrior~~: fighting & writing.
If this & that in an age like this when the fighters did not
write, & the writers did not fight the divorce was unfortunate-
ly for literature. "Were it not better then to
seek training on a battlefield, & use the first words one
learns at the mess?" All his sympathies were
leaning that way. He was growing more & more tired
of this ~~his~~ culture & ~~his~~ his & criticism &
more & more in love "with the simplest way of writing" &
more determined of themes that "the learned Critic is a
beast" & that ~~that~~ more & more less & less attracted by
writing; & more & more of themes that "Education has
taken the fine bloom off the writing of books."
Finally, - this was in 1913 - he comes at with the
opinion ~~that~~ that ~~that~~ was presumably
fingered as his habit was to the taste of his
correspondent - that he "Can't read Shakespeare
anymore ... Not that I think him a bad author,
particularly, but I can't bear literature." The addn
Then the guns fired in August 1914, who wanted
more ~~than~~ more rapturously than the Professor of Greek
literature? "The air is better to breathe than it
has been for years ... I'm glad I lived to see it, &
sick that I'm not in it."
Indeed he was too old to take
part. Indeed this seemed as yet had come too late. He was too old to
praise fighting, to lecture about life, but not to
live it. At Ilfracombe he did what he could. He dashed off

195

372

396

NYPL

marched. He wrote pamphlets. He lectured harder than ever. He
prepared his lectures. He made up his lectures. He took to them
less time reading merely reading. At length, he was given the work he
longed for. He was made Professor of Civil War in the army of the
West Indies. He flew to Baghdad. He took to his
pursuits rather than flew to Baghdad. He lived with Hyacinth.
He died a week or two after his return; a week before Charles became
King of Portugal. But he had lived at last.

NYPL

The Movies

People say that the Savage no longer exists in us. They say that we are at the far end of evolution & that this life is to be ambitious. But these philosophers have presumably forgotten the Movies. ~~They have~~ ~~For there the stalls are full of~~ ~~primitives~~ ~~for Somewhere~~ for there they may see the bright eyes & the fair flowing Ears of the stalls full of Savages. There, peering up among the bars of the They have never seen the savages watching the pictures. in They have never sat in the stalls & thought how with a for all those ornaments & the fair clothes & their backs & the carpet at their feet they are generally the scene no great distance separates them from those Savage bright eyed naked men who many two knocked two bars given together & heard in that a Clangour a foretaste of far off all the music of Mozart.

But this is true But Only we have in this case the

In this case, however, the bars are grown are so also highly wrought & so covered over with accretions deposited that it is extremely difficult to make any way what is new & what is old & what is to be the art of the cinema will become in the future. As was Only But if ever Only this seems certain — seems certain that when the For the least that one can swallow the professes Only it seems certain that from the To be given with, it seems a simple even a stupid art. photograph & the King shaking hands, a boat sailing, a horse running & at last seems Do we get any jolted emotion from The eye picks it all up instantaneously, & conveys to the brain a certain amount of information & Happily amazed & hypnotised & takes a seat, as

a peculiar & extraordinary

Some they that seemed to foretelloid

with emerge in the future. from the present chaos in the future.

Which. ~~Today~~ finders you are of paradoxes in the most elementary & Lewis,

NYPL

settles down to watch things happen without bestowing itself to think.
~~But~~ ~~The brain is apt to take a rest when the eye is on duty.~~ For
the ordinary eye, the English eye, is a simple mechanism,
& when the eye is on duty, the brain, feeling free
agreeably titillated & at the same time safe in the knowledge
that ~~it~~ the body will not be let fall down a cellar or precipitated under a
van wanders or ~~&~~ dealers. And what is its surprise then
when to be suddenly recalled? For the eye is ~~not~~ no longer simply
observing the king or the boat or the horse. The eye ~~is~~
~~wants help~~. The eye is in difficulties. The eye wants help. The
Eye says to the brain, something is happening which I do not
in the least understand. Together they look at the king, the boat,
the horse, & ~~come to the conclusion~~ that they all have taken on a
magnificent quality, & have become not beautiful in the
sense in which pictures or buildings are beautiful, but
possessed of a quality for which there seems to be no
name. ~~But real~~ more but something else. Shall
we say that they have become more real? That we
behold for the first time life as it is when we cease we
now have no part in it? As we gaze we seem to be
removed from the pettiness of actual existence, its cares, its
conventions, & have something less personal, more general
~~Comes into our vision~~. The king is the ~~&~~ have time Therefore
to feel for pity or ~~hunger~~ amusement; for the right of human
~~Spectacle, to be of an impersonal kind~~; or again to feel
for a man breaking it is a natural right to feel worried
by ~~wms~~ strange new emotions of ~~content~~ great ~~such~~ beauty
~~showed~~ in the world, & yet of sadness as we realise
that waves will break beautifully ~~for~~ whether we
behold them or not.

~~Rewarded~~ ~~into action?~~
~~nor be asked to~~
~~use its own powers of~~
~~interpretation~~

~~wh. they have not~~
~~in real life,~~
~~by being thrown in~~
~~action when a thing~~

NYPL

~~To this queer quality of reality~~ which reality ~~is possible~~
Now is ~~this the only quality that~~ Thus a perfectly normal
film of a perfectly ordinary sight - ~~Piccadilly with the~~ the
traffic in Piccadilly, a ~~Regent Street~~, the stepping on the
Thames, the Prince of Wales, the Prime Minister - has as a
~~interest which of~~ quality of its own. To this moreover,
~~it is possible to add another quality which is imported~~
~~Place these scenes in the past, moreover,~~ ~~To this can be~~
~~added~~ Further the movies can play upon our emotions
by bringing into action ~~that of~~ ~~all those laughable~~, instant
~~feelings of amusement at~~ our feeling towards the past.
We are back again before the war. We are beholding with
~~awe~~ a world which has sunk beneath the waves. There is
the family group. Shown a buttonhole of uniforms of ~~ordinary~~
~~of the family at a peer's wedding~~ daughter's wedding
as the wedding
~~become historic~~ ~~before Gethsemane at~~ ~~stepped in order~~
~~Now with this innocent throng of~~ have an immense ignorance of
~~doom a pathetic credulity~~ about them when we
realise that ~~all such~~ who the The marriage of Lord
Balintrevis's daughter. We can see them upon our
~~massive~~ ~~magic~~ ~~pathetic~~ ~~gesture~~ ~~which~~ observed, with a pathetic
credulity, a fruitful innocence, upon the edge of the great
war. Or we see the suffragettes marching up & down
before the gates of Holloway. ~~Already they appear~~
~~Time has moved so far away~~ ~~they that already they~~ it
~~Less~~ already removed them which has made them
almost grotesque or ~~pleasing~~ almost past recognition
~~with~~ ~~their long skirts~~ & so women has lent them some
proud dignity, ~~which~~ as the champions of a
Victorious Cause.

But the film produce seem dramatised with
these obvious marks of interest. The Real Plain reality,
pictures as accurate as the of crowds, mountains

NYPL

the wonders of the actual world & the curious aspects of contemporary life are pushed aside in favour of mixed They want to
brighten & season the plain truth; to add to its flavour by
calling in other They are tempted by the richness & variety of the
means at their command So much seems within their scope.
So many arts appear to offer their help. For example, there is
literature. The Her. temptation is great to the Cinema
There was all pictures waiting to be translated into pictures.
There are all the famous English novels with their
well known characters, & their famous scenes. Why not
The Cinema fell upon its prey with deadly unerring sagacity
a deadly to their moment Coryly submits upon upon its the body of its
unfortunate & victim. For there is a Whole real set out
there For that the alliance is unfortunate, the But the
results are only moderately & accidentally successful.
But the results are hugely injurious. deviations to both. to the fiction & to the
Cinema. The One is fettled asunder as as are sits in one's
seat. Here is The eye saying their is Says that is
Here is Becky Sharp. The mind says. Nonsense. That is not
more Becky Sharp than Queen Victoria. For the mind has
its own conception of Becky knows that Becky Sharp exists as full as
all is an adventuress & a Schemer: as daring as a devil; very
witty, wit & vitality; & as vice, & she has all the wit yet.
The eye can only record the fact, which it does far too
emphatically. that she wore a darker skirt, & had better
was a little younger with a boy now, & wore a darker skirt
& black shoes laced over her white stockings. To remedy the
insufficiency of the pictures, some showbizzy has
painfully recorded the progress of the story in a large
labelled scrawl. upon sheets & we progress lumber along,
through the famous novels & it is only when we cease
to connect the pictures with the book that we realise, in
some accidental glimpse or happy feature, what the
Cinema might do if they were allowed to work its own law

wanted to be put on the films

The eye can only record the fact, whereas it does far too emphatically. that she wore a darker skirt, & had better was a little younger with a boy now, & wore a darker skirt & black shoes laced over her white stockings. To remedy the insufficiency of the pictures, some showbizzy has painfully recorded the progress of the story in a large labelled scrawl. upon sheets & we progress lumber along, through the famous novels & it is only when we cease to connect the pictures with the book that we realise, in some accidental glimpse or happy feature, what the Cinema might do if they were allowed to work its own law

NYPL

The eye says Here is Anna Karenina. The ~~man~~ says ~~that is~~
no more Anna Karenina A voluptuous lady in black velvet
~~Corner is~~ after Corner is Anna before us. The ~~hand~~ says "That is no more
Anna Karenina than is the Queen Victoria." For the ~~man~~
man knows Anna Karenina almost entirely by the
inside of her mind: her passion, her love, her despair, ~~as~~ by her
the Cinema says, Anna ~~confesses~~ that she loves Vronsky"
& there they are keeping up ~~an~~ enormous dialectical &
Great deliberations & infinite gesticulations in a corner
of the a well appointed library. To help the movement
Yvonne Schoolberg has painfully recorded the progress of
Pilot in a large Lubonovich Steamer. We watch painfully
from [illegible] the & bumpers through the famous
novel of the world & spirit. With supreme slowness &
Grotesque ~~over emphasis~~ the ~~man~~ trying to
making ourselves believe that two people fixed in ~~kissing~~
~~fixed~~ with frantic gestures represent 'love'; that two
people throwing their hands about & rushing across the room
represent 'jealousy' that a woman writhing on a
in a corner of the sofa is black 'repent' ~~of~~ despair'
& but utterly failing to connect this their
long heroic & emphatic scenes. ~~for all that~~ a
~~for~~ ~~have anything~~ to do with the with the book.
Then only when we cease to try to connect the pictures
with the from ~~some~~ that we begin to ~~realise~~ see from some accidental
Grouping or happy gesture what the Cinema might do
if it were allowed to work out its own art.
~~What they is the~~ ~~to~~ ~~but~~, ~~But what can it do~~ 2

~~Clearly as~~
As at a performance of Dr Caligari the other
day a ~~bad~~ shadow shaped like a tadpole of indefinite
appeared at one corner of the screen. It swelled to an

But that is not it

with the grandeur & profound changes which Tolstoy brings to pass unmoved.

NYPL

to an immense size, or ~~what seemed~~ ~~toppled~~ quivered, a Hand
reach again to mountains. For a moment it seemed to embody
some monstrous, disused imagining in the lunatic's brain.
For a moment it seemed as if thought could be ~~represented~~ ~~not~~
conveyed by shape much more effectively than by words.
It seemed to be fear, & not the statement "I am afraid."
In fact, the shadow was accidental & the effect unpremeditated.
But for a shadow, at a certain moment, can suggest
so much more than a ~~real~~ the ~~fo~~ actual ~~faint~~ Eyes or
hands of men & women, or their words, it seems plain
that the movies have within their grasp innumerable
symbols for emotions which have so far failed to
find expression. Terror has begun its ordinary shapes
The Snake as tadpole; it ~~begins~~ pulses takes a disappear. Anger
might be a black Zig-zag ~~lazy~~ ~~blazing~~ ~~hairy~~ ~~writhing & flaming~~
across ~~the~~ star ~~writhing~~ like an ~~infuriated~~ worm after a
white meat. ~~It is~~ ~~Instead of these~~ ~~Instead of mouthing~~
those violent gesticulations which are at present called
love, jealousy despair might be ~~replaced~~ by the
Anna & Vronsky need no longer ~~gesticulate~~ ~~gesticulate~~ ~~at~~ each other
across a table, ~~waving~~ by an immense exaggeration of the
ordinary ~~expressions~~ which accompany thought
They might — but here the imagination is baulked.
For what ~~by~~ what characteristics does thought possess which
can be rendered in visible to the eye, without the help of
words? It has speed, a keenness; dart like the
directness, & ~~rapturous~~ ~~confusion~~ confusion. Circumlocution.
also. But it has also an inveterate tendency to
Especially at moments of emotion, to make pictures.
Shakespeare ~~Some of~~ Shakespeare's ~~is the greatest~~
~~proficient at this~~ will ~~throw~~ a whole
all the most difficult thinking, all the most intense
feeling in Shakespeare is given us in images — they

The mention of
Tadpole

& cure the extremely
slow & premature
machinery of
gesticulation

They share at
their command

NYPL

~~Veiled melt into Each other~~

they are a father & open from one into another like a cluster of bubbles which are all separate yet all hang together. ~~the Their Their~~ The ~~Cinema would~~ so that we can pass perfectly freely through the entire Chain. ~~Their Chemotion~~

We have been chosen because they can be expressed in words

~~Not clear that the Excerpt~~ No one wishes the Cinema to follow particularly the working of a trained mind, for ~~their the poet chooses the~~ but ~~their clear that a~~ if so much of our thinking & feeling is connected with seeing, if love a girl is like "a red red rose that is newly sprung in June", if a

Then it seems that the Cinema ought to be able to follow some trains of thought exactly & beautifully by ~~Illustrating them~~ rendering the pictures which compose them, only it seems probable that the Cinema will have to

but not exactly, rather, with extreme care

Keep ~~for further away from fact~~ ~~at a very great~~ abstract from exact representation. The "red red rose that is newly ~~sprung~~ in June" loses all its ~~loveliness if it were~~ power to ~~suggest~~ a ~~of~~ suggestion ~~of it were~~ an actual rose were put before us. The film maker will have to look out for ~~the~~ something far more abstract, something right that has about it the power to stimulate emotion. ~~And~~ A

It might not be ~~can~~ ~~often~~ ~~any object~~ known to us; it might be actually ~~in~~ ~~Those~~ in movement

~~And~~ further, one right ~~will~~ have ~~It~~ remains to be seen how far right can stimulate ~~our~~ emotions; ~~for~~ & ~~again how far for~~ & also the effect of motion itself remains to be tested. ~~Further,~~ ~~the profound~~

If that prime difficulty were solved, & were proved that right can give us ~~the same~~ an intensity ~~of~~ emotion ~~that~~ then ~~the~~ ~~supreme gift~~ the film maker has other immense gifts at his command. He has his

Drawing & his drama here in the flesh. ~~This~~ There is

NYPL

he has need of the Comma.

no possibility of doubting that the fountain is playing outside the window, & the birds are picking up the crumbs. Then But now he can see if thought is visible, he can make us watch them thinking with a rapidity which no writer can equal. There, practically & formally seated, we can see them thinking, as Music can be seen passing from Venetian, the wildest the strangest, the most fantastical of thoughts. Moreover We should see these thoughts mingling, affecting each other. We should see the violent collisions of them produced by their Collision. ~~And then again we should see them flow on peacefully.~~ No limits And then again, the past could be enrolled. ~~On if~~ Distance annihilated. ~~And a big some device of light or architecture the~~ Those terrible declivities of the story which are inevitable when Nobody passes from the story of Anna to the story of Lenin could be joined ~~from~~ bridged over by some ingenious ~~ingenious~~ device of memory. We should have the Centenary of all human life ~~best~~ before our eyes. Perhaps or kept before us perhaps by ~~the~~ repetition of some object common to both lives.

5596 Marcion

NYPL

Girting.

How far will the tolerant deity at whose shrine Genius was
the most ~~persistent~~ devoted of worshippers submit to this treatment?
This impression is that she is not altogether ~~satisfied~~.
~~To me this~~ ~~The work of Egerton~~ The ~~chief use of a~~
keeping ~~self~~-consciousness of this own misery, ~~gives one~~ ~~double~~
~~medicaments to alleviate the loves of other~~ so as to
~~sicken one's~~ consciousness of life in general is admirable:
~~through~~ such ~~experiences~~ ~~Dickens was to that~~ the ~~finest~~ ~~from which he~~
~~In~~ the mind of Dickens was ~~fertilised~~ ~~even~~ a phrase ~~instantly~~ ~~deep~~
~~Recalling~~ the Micawbers ~~to the~~ ~~game~~ ~~but~~ ~~Dickens~~ ~~not~~
~~admirable to think inside are shell.~~ ~~for then the reader~~
~~is~~ ~~is~~ because ~~make~~ the reader ~~says, a~~
~~fasten~~ ~~work~~ a morbid curiosity upon you. the writer. Here is
Genius, one can hardly help saying, ~~compelled~~ by his own
~~private~~ misery to cry aloud in the person of
Rezeda or whoever the man may be: a
~~The reader thanks~~ a ~~thing done to be~~
~~a~~ ~~taken out of the world~~ all those ~~magnificent~~
~~powers which should be free~~ & ~~&~~
so, ~~keeping~~ our minds upon him ~~with~~ those magnificent
powers which are at their ~~freest~~ when they are ~~most~~
generalised. ~~become~~ ~~coloured~~, ~~&~~ ~~revelled~~, ~~fused~~
~~bent~~ to a particular task. ~~the complexity~~ ~~this~~ is
which they ~~resent~~. At the same time, ~~sympathy~~ is
a ~~very~~ ~~strong~~ passion, ~~of~~ great intensity: so
that once ~~this~~ ~~groomed~~ ~~by the narrow~~
by the sense that here is a man ~~who has suffered~~
writing under the ~~keenest~~ ~~pressure~~ of his own
sufferings, it ~~&~~ kindles ~~in~~ the mind, ~~&~~
it it makes the pages fly: it ~~twists~~ details
~~that~~ ~~makes a~~ ~~sense that~~ lends what has perhaps
little merit artistically another & momentarily perhaps

To use a

I think
done by
Dickens
rhyme
when

fasten his
readers
attention
upon
misery

by ~~C~~ crushed
are

NYPL

keener interest. ~~to~~ they had we say to ourselves read a
book & wanderer for ~~us~~ to dry [illegible]
overcoat had just been pawned: & ~~he~~ to the pawn
plugging his hands to fish out a second volume with the
more interest because we are following fingers handle ~~at work~~.
~~We really read~~ ~~the life & fiction subtly~~ combined.
We pass from life to fiction without impediment. Giving a
Reader corresponds ~~to~~ intimately. Gissing could not write or
Sunday, nor could Reader. Gissing wrote a fine French hand, so
did Reader. ~~But both of them~~ We may go on ~~copy~~
copying these resemblances, & each time we succeed, turning from the
book to the letter, a little glow of satisfaction is ours, &
~~the~~ a novel were a game of skill in which we
were cast if the trick were letters of finding the ~~features~~ face of the
author.

~~But of this is a contradiction, a confirmation~~
~~Not then~~ But ~~this~~ reflection that we reach also
by these means another stage — we find ourselves
knowing something of greater importance — than
this then the novel reading game becomes complicated &
~~not so~~ more complicated; ~~even subtle~~.
find ~~another~~ trace
some freer expression on the author's face, ~~something~~
find ourselves moved to ~~understanding with the~~
~~sufferings of his people, then we shall be~~ & to satisfaction
But the complication